

SELECT POEMS  
OF  
COLERIDGE  
AND  
TENNYSON

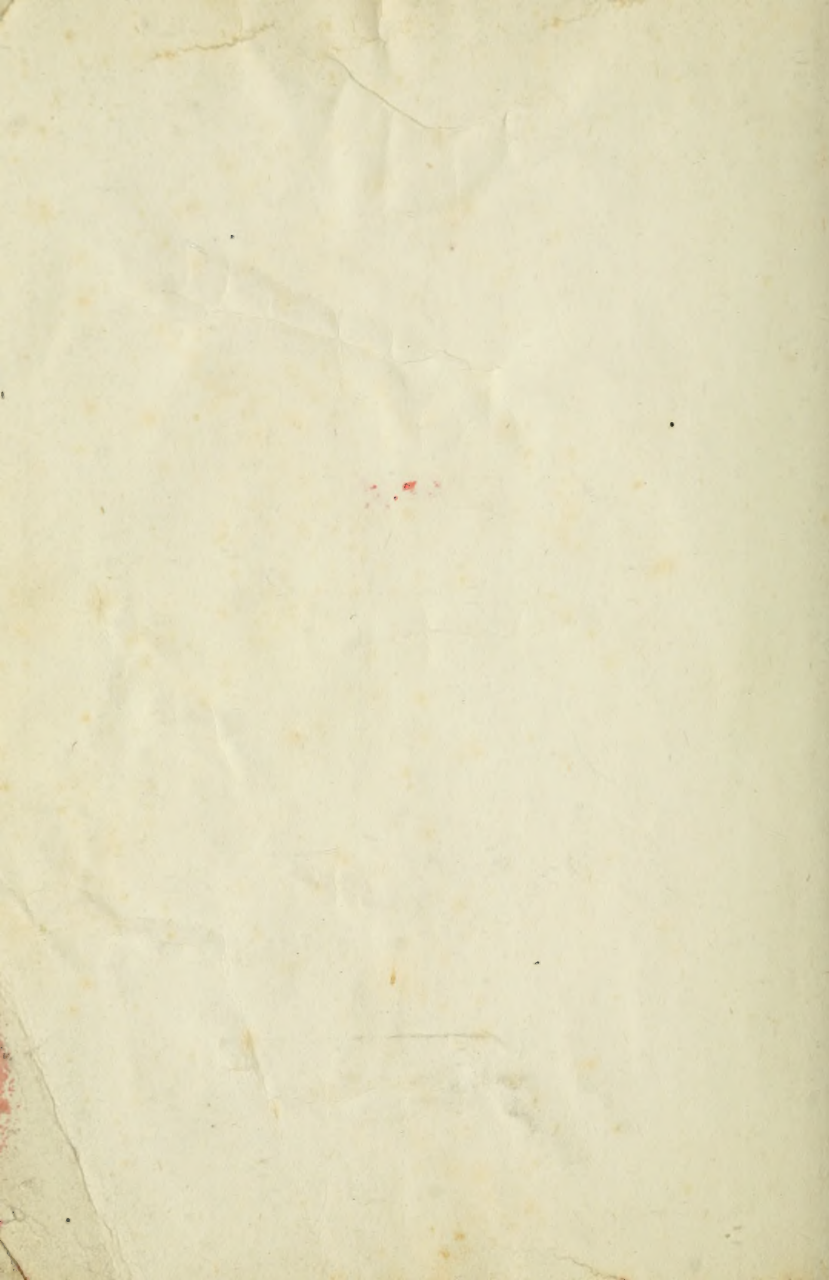
WITH ANNOTATIONS

BY

O. J. STEVENSON, M.A., D.Paed.

1911

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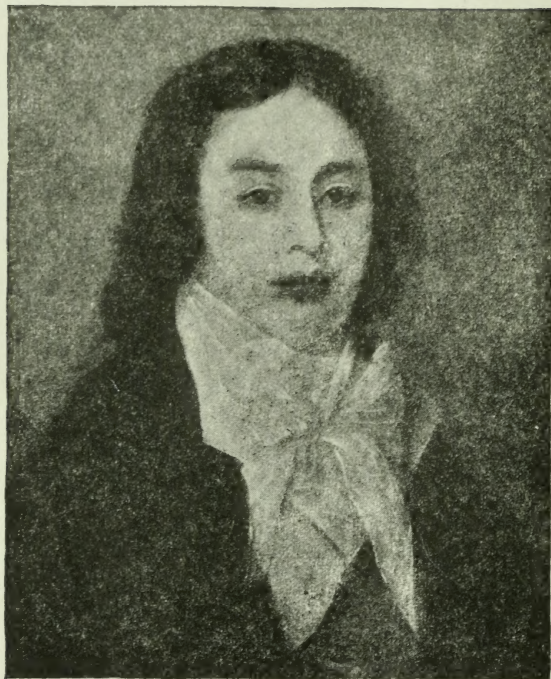


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SELECT POEMS  
OF  
COLERIDGE AND  
TENNYSON







S. T. Coleridge



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Prescribed by the Department of Education for use in High Schools,  
Collegiate Institutes and Continuation Schools, and in accordance  
with University of Toronto requirements.

WITH ANNOTATIONS

BY

O. J. STEVENSON, M.A., D.PAED.

Professor of English, Ontario Agricultural College.

TORONTO  
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PUBLISHERS

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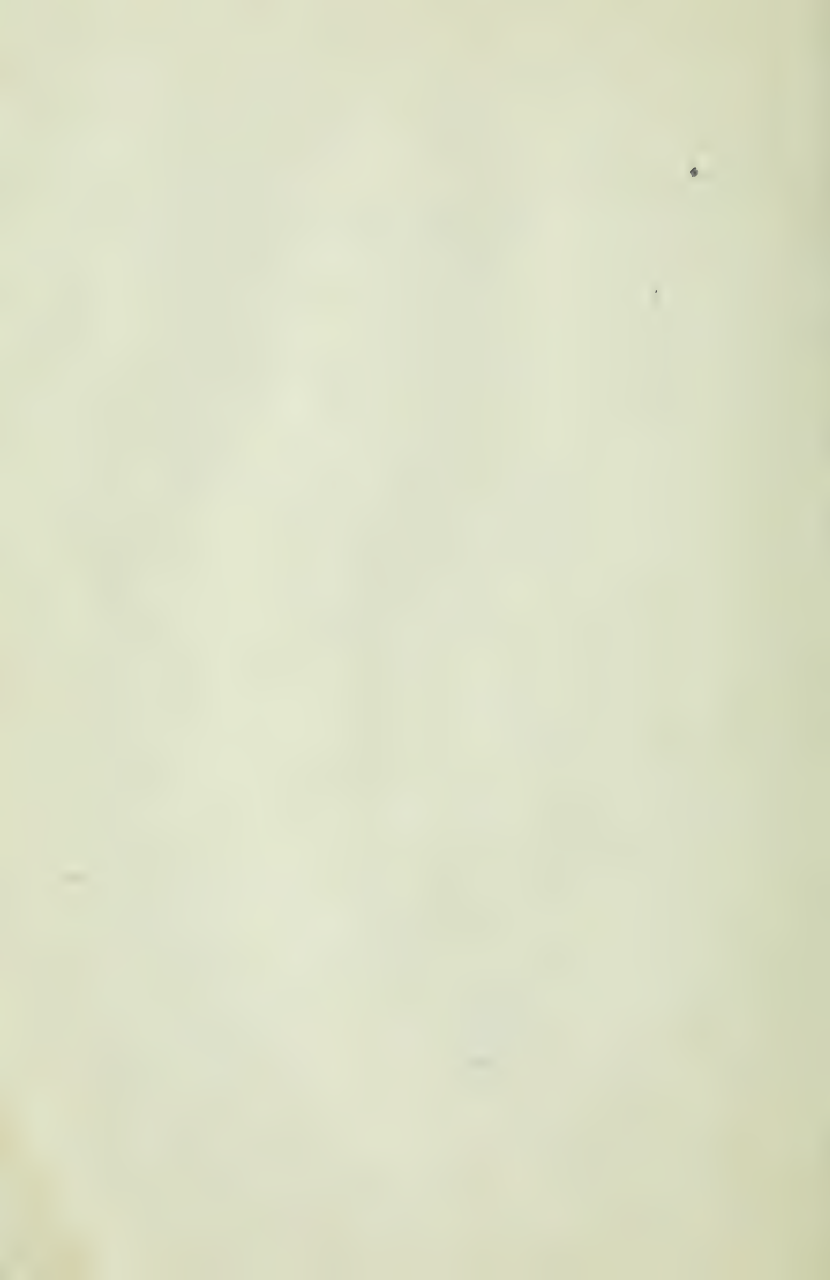
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# COLERIDGE

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## THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

### PART I.

An ancient  
Mariner meet-  
eth three gal-  
lants bidden  
to a wedding  
feast, and  
detaineth one.

It is an ancient Mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of three.  
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide, 5  
And I am next of kin;  
The guests are met, the feast is set:  
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,  
"There was a ship," quoth he. 10  
"Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon!"  
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The wedding-  
guest is spell-  
bound by the  
eye of the old  
seafaring man,  
and constrain-  
ed to hear his  
tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—  
The wedding-guest stood still,  
And listens like a three years' child: 15  
The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone:  
 He can not choose but hear;  
 And thus spake on that ancient man,  
 The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,  
 Merrily did we drop  
 Below the kirk, below the hill,  
 Below the light-house top. 24

The Mariner  
 tells how the  
 ship sailed  
 southward  
 with a good  
 wind and fair  
 weather, till it  
 reached the  
 line.

The sun came up upon the left,  
 Out of the sea came he!  
 And he shone bright, and on the right  
 Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,  
 Till over the mast at noon— 30  
 The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,  
 For he heard the loud bassoon.

The wedding-  
 guest heareth  
 the bridal  
 music; but the  
 Mariner con-  
 tinueth his  
 tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,  
 Red as a rose is she;  
 Nodding their heads before her goes  
 The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast, 37  
 Yet he can not choose but hear;  
 And thus spake on that ancient man,  
 The bright-eyed Mariner. 40

The ship  
 drawn by a  
 storm toward  
 the south  
 pole.

And now the storm-blast came, and he  
 Was tyrannous and strong:  
 He struck with his o'ertaking wings,  
 And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow, 45  
 As who pursued with yell and blow  
 Still treads the shadow of his foe,  
 And forward bends his head,  
 The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,  
 And southward aye we fled. 50

And now there came both mist and snow,  
 And it grew wondrous cold;  
 And ice, mast-high, came floating by,  
 As green as emerald.

The land of  
 ice and of  
 fearful sounds,  
 where no  
 living thing  
 was to be  
 seen.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts 55  
 Did send a dismal sheen:  
 Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—  
 The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
 The ice was all around: 60  
 It cracked and growled, and roared and  
 howled,  
 Like noises in a swound!

Till a great  
 seabird called  
 the Albatross  
 came through  
 the snow-fog,  
 and was re-  
 ceived with  
 great joy and  
 hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross:  
 Thorough the fog it came;  
 As if it had been a Christian soul, 65  
 We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,  
 And round and round it flew.  
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit;  
 The helmsman steered us through! 70

And lo! the  
Albatross  
proveth a bird  
of good omen,  
and followeth  
the ship as it  
returned  
northward  
through fog  
and floating  
ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind;  
The Albatross did follow,  
And every day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariners' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
It perched for vespers nine; 76  
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke  
white,  
Glimmered the white moon-shine.

The ancient  
Mariner  
inhospitably  
killeth the  
pious bird of  
good omen.

“God save thee, ancient Mariner!  
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—  
Why look'st thou so?”—With my crossbow  
I shot the Albatross.

## PART II.

The sun now rose upon the right:  
Out of the sea came he,  
Still hid in mist, and on the left 85  
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,  
But no sweet bird did follow,  
Nor any day for food or play  
Came to the mariners' hollo! 90

His ship-  
mates cry out  
against the  
ancient Mari-  
ner, for killing  
the bird of  
good luck.

And I had done an hellish thing:  
And it would work 'em woe:  
For all averred, I had killed the bird  
That made the breeze to blow.  
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay, 95  
That made the breeze to blow!



But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,  
The glorious sun uprist:  
Then all averred, I had killed the bird  
That brought the fog and mist. 100  
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,  
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean and sails northward, even until it reaches the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow followed free;  
We were the first that ever burst 105  
Into that silent sea.

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,  
'Twas sad as sad could be;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea! 110

All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day, 115  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

Water, water, everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water, everywhere, 120  
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!  
That ever this should be!

Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs 125  
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout  
The death-fires danced at night;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue and white. / 130

A spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantino-  
politan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And some in dreams assured were  
Of the spirit that plagued us so;  
Nine fathom deep he had followed us  
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought, 135  
Was withered at the root;  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

The ship-mates in their sore distress would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner; in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks  
Had I from old and young!  
Instead of the Cross, the Albatross  
About my neck was hung.

### PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat  
Was parched, and glazed each eye.  
A weary time! a weary time! 145  
How glazed each weary eye!  
When looking westward, I beheld  
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,  
 And then it seemed a mist; 150  
 It moved and moved, and took at last  
 A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!  
 And still it neared and neared:  
 And as if it dodged a water-sprite, 155  
 It plunged and tacked and veered.

At its nearer  
 approach, it  
 seemeth him  
 to be a ship;  
 and at a dear  
 ransom he  
 freeth his  
 speech from  
 the bonds of  
 thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
 We could nor laugh nor wail;  
 Through utter drought all dumb we stood!  
 I bit my arm, I sucked the blood, 160  
 And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
 Agape they heard me call:  
 A flash of joy: Gramercy! they for joy did grin,  
 And all at once their breath drew in, 165  
 As they were drinking all.

And horror  
 follows. For  
 can it be a  
 ship that  
 comes onward  
 without wind  
 or tide?

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!  
 Hither to work us weal;  
 Without a breeze, without a tide,  
 She steadies with upright keel! 170

The western wave was all a-flame.  
 The day was well nigh done!  
 Almost upon the western wave  
 Rested the broad bright sun;  
 When that strange shape drove sud- 175  
 Betwixt us and the sun. [denly

It seemeth  
him but the  
skeleton of a  
ship.

And straight the sun was flecked with  
bars,  
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)  
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered  
With broad and burning face. 180

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)  
How fast she nears and nears!  
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,  
Like restless gossameres? 184

And its ribs  
are seen as  
bars on the  
face of the set-  
ting sun.  
The spectre-  
woman and her  
deathmate, and  
no other on  
board the  
skeleton-ship.

Are those her ribs through which the sun  
Did peer, as through a grate?  
And is that Woman all her crew?  
Is that a Death? and are there two?  
Is Death that woman's mate?

Like vessel,  
like crew!

Her lips were red, her looks were free, 190  
Her locks were yellow as gold:  
Her skin was as white as leprosy,  
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she  
Who thicks man's blood with cold. 194

Death and  
Life-in-Death  
have diced for  
the ship's  
crew, and she  
(the latter)  
winneth the  
ancient  
Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,  
And the twain were casting dice;  
"The game is done! I've, I've won!"  
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight  
within the  
courts of the  
sun.

The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:  
At one stride comes the dark; 200  
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,  
Off shot the spectre-bark.

At the rising  
of the moon.

We listened and looked sideways up!  
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
My life-blood seemed to sip! 205  
The stars were dim, and thick the night,  
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed  
From the sails the dew did drip— [white:  
Till clomb above the eastern bar  
The hornèd moon, with one bright star 210  
Within the nether tip.

One after  
another.

One after one, by the star-dogged moon,  
Too quick for groan or sigh,  
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,  
And cursed me with his eye. 215

His shipmates  
drop down  
dead;

Four times fifty living men,  
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)  
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-  
Death begins  
her work on  
the ancient  
Mariner.

The souls did from their bodies fly,— 220  
They fled to bliss or woe!  
And every soul, it passed me by,  
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

## PART IV.

The wedding-  
guest feareth  
that a spirit is  
talking to him;

“I fear thee, ancient Mariner!  
I fear thy skinny hand! 225  
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,  
And thy skinny hand, so brown,"— 229

But the ancient  
Mariner assur-  
eth him of his  
bodily life, and  
proceedeth to  
relate his hor-  
rible penance.

Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!  
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony. 235

He despiseth  
the creatures  
of the calm.

The many men, so beautiful!  
And they all dead did lie:  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on; and so did I. 239

And envieth  
that they  
should live,  
and so many  
lie dead.

I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away;  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray  
But or ever a prayer had gusht, 245  
A wicked whisper came, and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,  
And the balls like pulses beat;  
For the sky and the sea, and the sea 250  
and the sky  
Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse  
liveth for him  
in the eye of  
the dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
Nor rot nor reek did they:

The look with which they looked on me 255  
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell  
A spirit from on high;  
But oh! more horrible than that  
Is the curse in a dead man's eye! 260  
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,  
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

The moving moon went up the sky,  
And nowhere did abide:  
Softly she was going up, 265  
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemooked the sultry main,  
Like April hoar-frost spread;  
But where the ship's huge shadow lay  
The charmed water burn'd alway 270  
A still and awful red.

By the light of the moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,  
I watched the water-snakes:  
They moved in tracks of shining white,  
And when they reared, the elfish light 275  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship,  
I watched their rich attire:  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They coiled and swam; and every track 280  
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty  
and their hap-  
piness.

O happy living things! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare;  
A spring of love gushed from my heart, 284  
And I blessed them unaware!  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me  
And I blessed them unaware.

He blesseth  
them in his  
heart.

The spell be-  
gins to break.

The selfsame moment I could pray;  
And from my neck so free  
The Albatross fell off and sank 290  
Like lead into the sea.

#### PART V.

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole!  
To Mary Queen the praise be given!  
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven, 295  
That slid into my soul.

By grace of the  
holy Mother,  
the ancient  
Mariner is re-  
freshed with  
rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,  
That had so long remained,  
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;  
And when I awoke, it rained. 300

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,  
My garments all were dank;  
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs: 305  
I was so light — almost  
I thought that I had died in sleep,  
And was a blessed ghost.



He heareth  
strange sounds  
and seeth  
strange sights  
and commo-  
tions in the sky  
and the ele-  
ment.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:  
It did not come anear; 310  
But with its sound it shook the sails,  
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!  
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,  
To and fro they were hurried about! 315  
And to and fro, and in and out,  
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,  
And the sails did sigh like sedge;  
And the rain poured down from one 320  
black cloud;  
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still  
The moon was at its side:  
Like waters shot from some high crag,  
The lightning fell with never a jag, 325  
A river steep and wide.

The bodies of  
the ship's crew  
are inspired,  
and the ship  
moves on:

The loud wind never reached the ship,  
Yet now the ship moved on!  
Beneath the lightning and the moon  
The dead men gave a groan. 330

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,  
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;  
It had been strange, even in a dream,  
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on; 335  
 Yet never a breeze up blew;  
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,  
 Where they were wont to do;  
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—  
 We were a ghastly crew. 340

The body of my brother's son  
 Stood by me, knee to knee;  
 The body and I pulled at one rope,  
 But he said nought to me. 344

But not by the  
 souls of the  
 men, nor by  
 demons of  
 the earth or  
 middle air, but  
 by a blessed  
 troop of an-  
 gelic spirits,  
 sent down by  
 the invocation  
 of the guardian  
 saint.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"  
 Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!  
 'T was not those souls that fled in pain,  
 Which to their corpses came again,  
 But a troop of spirits blest:  
 For when it dawned—they dropped their 350  
     arms,  
 And clustered round the mast;  
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their  
     mouths,  
 And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,  
 Then darted to the sun; 355  
 Slowly the sounds came back again,  
 Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
 I heard the sky-lark sing;

Sometimes all little birds that are, 360  
 How they seemed to fill the sea and air  
 With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,  
 Now like a lonely flute;  
 And now it is an angel's song, 365  
 That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on  
 A pleasant noise till noon,  
 A noise like of a hidden brook  
 In the leafy month of June, 370  
 That to the sleeping woods all night  
 Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,  
 Yet never a breeze did breathe;  
 Slowly and smoothly went the ship, 375  
 Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome  
 spirit from the  
 south pole car-  
 ries on the ship  
 as far as the  
 line, in obedi-  
 ence to the an-  
 gelic troop,  
 but still requir-  
 eth vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,  
 From the land of mist and snow,  
 The spirit slid: and it was he  
 That made the ship to go. 380  
 The sails at noon left off their tune,  
 And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right above up the mast,  
 Had fixed her to the ocean;  
 But in a minute she 'gan stir, 385  
 With a short uneasy motion—  
 Backwards and forwards half her length  
 With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,  
 She made a sudden bound: 390  
 It flung the blood into my head,  
 And I fell down in a swoond.

The Polar Spirit's fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

How long in that same fit I lay,  
 I have not to declare;  
 But ere my living life returned,  
 I heard and in my soul discerned  
 Two voices in the air.

“Is it he?” quoth one, “Is this the man?  
 By him who died on cross,  
 With his cruel bow he laid full low  
 The harmless Albatross.

“The spirit who bideth by himself 402  
 In the land of mist and snow,  
 He loved the bird that loved the man  
 Who shot him with his bow.” 405

The other was a softer voice,  
 As soft as honey-dew:  
 Quoth he, “The man hath penance done,  
 And penance more will do.”

## PART VI.

### FIRST VOICE.

“But tell me, tell me! speak again, 410  
 Thy soft response renewing—  
 What makes that ship drive on so fast?  
 What is the Ocean doing?”

SECOND VOICE.

“Still as a slave before his lord,  
The Ocean hath no blast; 415  
His great bright eye most silently  
Up to the moon is cast —

If he may know which way to go;  
For she guides him smooth or grim.  
See, brother, see! how graciously 420  
She looketh down on him.”

FIRST VOICE.

The Mariner  
hath been cast  
into a trance;  
for the angelic  
power causeth  
the vessel to  
drive north-  
ward faster  
than human  
life could  
endure.

“But why drives on that ship so fast,  
Without or wave or wind?”

SECOND VOICE.

“The air is cut away before,  
And closes from behind. 425

“Fly, brother, fly! more high—more high!  
Or we shall be belated:  
For slow and slow that ship will go,  
When the Mariner’s trance is abated.”

The supernat-  
ural motion is  
retarded: the  
Mariner  
awakes, and  
his penance  
begins anew,

I woke, and we were sailing on 430  
As in a gentle weather:  
’Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;  
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,  
For a charnel-dungeon fitter: 435  
All fixed on me their stony eyes,  
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,  
 Had never passed away:  
 I could not draw my eyes from theirs, 440  
 Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is  
 finally expi-  
 ated.

And now this spell was snapt: once more  
 I viewed the ocean green,  
 And looked far forth, yet little saw  
 Of what had else been seen — 445

Like one, that on a lonesome road  
 Doth walk in fear and dread,  
 And having once turned round walks on,  
 And turns no more his head;  
 Because he knows, a frightful fiend 450  
 Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,  
 Nor sound nor motion made:  
 Its path was not upon the sea,  
 In ripple or in shade. 455

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek  
 Like a meadow-gale of spring —  
 It mingled strangely with my fears,  
 Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, 460  
 Yet she sailed softly too:  
 Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—  
 On me alone it blew.

And the an-  
 cient Mariner  
 beholdeth his  
 native country.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed  
 The light-house top I see?

Is this the hill? is this the kirk?  
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,  
And I with sobs did pray —  
O let me be awake, my God! 470  
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,  
So smoothly it was strewn!  
And on the bay the moonlight lay,  
And the shadow of the moon. 475

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,  
That stands above the rock:  
The moonlight steeped in silentness  
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light 480  
Till rising from the same,  
Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
In crimson colours came.

The angelic  
spirits leave  
the dead  
bodies,

And appear  
in their own  
forms of light.

A little distance from the prow  
Those crimson shadows were 485  
I turned my eyes upon the deck —  
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,  
And, by the holy rood!  
A man all light, a seraph-man, 590  
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand  
It was a heavenly sight!

They stood as signals to the land,  
Each one a lovely light; 495

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:  
No voice did they impart —  
No voice; but oh! the silence sank  
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars, 500  
I heard the Pilot's cheer;  
My head was turned perforce away,  
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,  
I heard them coming fast: 505  
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy  
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third — I heard his voice:  
It is the Hermit good!  
He singeth loud his godly hymns 510  
That he makes in the wood.  
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away  
The Albatross's blood.

#### PART VII.

The Hermit of  
the wood.

This Hermit good lives in that wood  
Which slopes down to the sea. 515  
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!  
He loves to talk with marineres  
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon and eve:  
He hath a cushion plump: 520



It is the moss that wholly hides  
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,  
"Why, this is strange, I trow!  
Where are those lights so many and fair,   525  
That signal made but now?"

Approacheth  
the ship with  
wonder.

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said—  
"And they answered not our cheer!  
The planks looked warped! and see those sails,  
How thin they are and sere!                   530  
I never saw aught like to them,  
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag  
My forest-brook along;  
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,   535  
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,  
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—  
(The Pilot made reply)  
I am a-feared" — "Push on, push on!"   540  
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,  
But I nor spake nor stirred;  
The boat came close beneath the ship,  
And straight a sound was heard.           545

The ship suddenly sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,  
Still louder and more dread:  
It reached the ship, it split the bay;  
The ship went down like lead.

The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,  
Which sky and ocean smote,  
Like one that hath been seven days drowned  
My body lay afloat;  
But swift as dreams, myself I found  
Within the Pilot's boat. 555

Upon the whirl where sank the ship,  
The boat spun round and round;  
And all was still, save that the hill  
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips — the Pilot shrieked 560  
And fell down in a fit;  
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,  
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,  
Who now doth crazy go, 565  
Laughed loud and long, and all the while  
His eyes went to and fro.  
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see  
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree, 570  
I stood on the firm land!  
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,  
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient  
Mariner  
earnestly en-  
treateth the  
Hermit to  
shrieve him;  
and the pen-  
ance of life  
falls on him.

“O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!”  
The Hermit crossed his brow. 575  
“Say quick,” quoth he, “I bid thee say—  
What manner of man art thou?”

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched  
With a woful agony,  
Which forced me to begin my tale; 580  
And then it left me free.

And ever and  
anon through  
out his future  
life an agony  
constraineth  
him to travel  
from land to  
land,

Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
That agony returns:  
And till my ghastly tale is told,  
This heart within me burns. 585

I pass, like night, from land to land:  
I have strange power of speech;  
The moment that his face I see,  
I know the man that must hear me:  
To him my tale I teach. 590

What loud uproar bursts from that door!  
The wedding-guests are there:  
But in the garden-bower the bride  
And bride-maids singing are:  
And hark the little vesper-bell, 595  
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide wide sea:

So lonely 'twas, that God himself  
Scarce seemed there to be. 600

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk, 605  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
And youths and maidens gay!

And to teach,  
by his own  
example, love  
and reverence  
to all things  
that God made  
and loveth.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell  
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small; 615  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest 620  
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,  
And is of sense forlorn:  
A sadder and a wiser man,  
He rose the morrow morn. 625

# TENNYSON

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'AS THRO' THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT.'

As thro' the land at eve we went,  
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,  
We fell out, my wife and I,  
O we fell out I know not why,  
And kiss'd again with tears. 5  
And blessings on the falling out  
That all the more endears,  
When we fall out with those we love  
And kiss again with tears!  
For when we came where lies the child 10  
We lost in other years,  
There above the little grave,  
O there above the little grave,  
We kiss'd again with tears.

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'SWEET AND LOW, SWEET AND LOW.'

Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
Wind of the western sea! 5  
Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dying moon, and blow,  
Blow him again to me;  
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.



'TEARS, IDLE TEARS, I KNOW NOT WHAT  
THEY MEAN.'

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more. 5

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail  
That brings our friends up from the underworld,  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge;  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more. 10

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more. 15

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd  
On lips that are for others; deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more. 20

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'THY VOICE IS HEARD THRO' ROLLING  
DRUMS.'

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,  
That beat to battle where he stands;  
Thy face across his fancy comes,  
And gives the battle to his hands:





'ASK ME NO MORE; THE MOON MAY  
DRAW THE SEA.'

Ask me no more; the moon may draw the sea;  
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape  
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;  
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?  
Ask me no more. 5

Ask me no more; what answer should I give?  
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:  
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!  
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;  
Ask me no more. 10

Ask me no more; thy fate and mine are seal'd:  
I strove against the stream and all in vain:  
Let the great river take me to the main:  
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;  
Ask me no more. 15

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ENOCH ARDEN.

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;  
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;  
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf  
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher  
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill; 5  
And high in heaven behind it a gray down  
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,  
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes  
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago, 10  
 Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,  
 The prettiest little damsel in the port,  
 And Philip Ray the miller's only son,  
 And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad  
 Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd 15  
 Among the waste and lumber of the shore, *under the trees*  
 Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing nets, *aside*  
 Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;  
 And built their castles of dissolving sand  
 To watch them overflow'd, or following up 20  
 And flying the white breaker, daily left  
 The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff:  
 In this the children play'd at keeping house.  
 Enoch was host one day, Philip the next, 25  
 While Annie still was mistress; but at times  
 Enoch would hold possession for a week:  
 'This is my house and this my little wife.'  
 'Mine too,' said Philip, 'turn and turn about';  
 When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger-made 30  
 Was master: then would Philip, his blue eyes  
 All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,  
 Shriek out 'I hate you, Enoch,' and at this  
 The little wife would weep for company,  
 And pray them not to quarrel for her sake, 35  
 And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,  
 And the new warmth of life's ascending sun  
 Was felt by either, either fixt his heart  
 On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love, 40  
 But Philip loved in silence; and the girl

Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him;  
 But she loved Enoch; tho' she knew it not,  
 And would if asked deny it. Enoch set  
 A purpose evermore before his eyes, 45  
 To hoard all savings to the uttermost,  
 To purchase his own boat, and make a home  
 For Annie: and so prosper'd that at last  
 A luckier or a bolder fisherman,  
 A carefuller in peril, did not breathe 50  
 For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast  
 Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year  
 On board a merchantman, and made himself  
 Full sailor; and he thrice had pluck'd a life  
 From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas: 55  
 And all men look'd upon him favourably:  
 And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May  
 He purchased his own boat, and made a home  
 For Annie, neat and nest-like, halfway up  
 The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill. 60

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,  
 The younger people making holiday,  
 With bag and sack and basket, great and small  
 Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd  
 (His father lying sick and needing him) 65  
 An hour behind; but as he climbed the hill,  
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began  
 To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,  
 Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,  
 His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face 70  
 All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,  
 That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,  
 And in their eyes and faces read his doom;  
 Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,

And slipt aside, and like a wounded life 75  
 Crept down into the hollows of the wood;  
 There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,  
 Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past  
 Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells, 80  
 And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,  
 Seven happy years of health and competence,  
 And mutual love and honourable toil;  
 With children; first a daughter. In him woke,  
 With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish 85  
 To save all earnings to the uttermost,  
 And give his child a better bringing-up  
 Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,  
 When two years after came a boy to be  
 The rosy idol of her solitudes, 90  
 While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,  
 Or often journeying landward; for in truth  
 Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil  
 In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,  
 Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales, 95  
 Not only to the market-cross were known,  
 But in the leafy lanes behind the down,  
 Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,  
 And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,  
 Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering. 100

Then came a change, as all things human change.  
 Ten miles to northward of the narrow port  
 Open'd a larger haven: thither used  
 Enoch at times to go by land or sea;  
 And once when there, and clambering on a mast 105  
 In harbour, by mischance he slipt and fell:

A limb was broken when they lifted him;  
 And while he lay recovering there, his wife  
 Bore him another son, a sickly one:  
 Another hand crept too across his trade, 110  
 Taking her bread and theirs: and on him fell,  
 Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,  
 Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.  
 He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,  
 To see his children leading evermore 115  
 Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,  
 And her he loved, a beggar: then he pray'd  
 'Save them from this, whatever comes to me.'  
 And while he pray'd, the master of that ship  
 Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance, 120  
 Came, for he knew the man and valued him,  
 Reporting of his vessel China-bound,  
 And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?  
 There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,  
 Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place? 125  
 And Enoch all at once assented to it,  
 Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd  
 No graver than as when some little cloud  
 Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun, 130  
 And isles a light in the offing: yet the wife—  
 When he was gone—the children—what to do?  
 Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans;  
 To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—  
 How many a rough sea had he weathered in her! 135  
 He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—  
 And yet to sell her—then with what she brought  
 Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade  
 With all that seamen needed or their wives—

So might she keep the house while he was gone. 140  
 Should he not trade himself out yonder? go  
 This voyage more than once? yea, twice or thrice—  
 As oft as needed—last, returning rich,  
 Become the master of a larger craft,  
 With fuller profits lead an easier life, 145  
 Have all his pretty young ones educated,  
 And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all:  
 Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,  
 Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born. 150  
 Forward she started with a happy cry,  
 And laid the feeble infant in his arms;  
 Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,  
 Appraised his weight and fondled fatherlike,  
 But had no heart to break his purposes 155  
 To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt  
 Her finger, Annie fought against his will:  
 Yet not with brawling opposition she,  
 But manifold entreaties, many a tear, 160  
 Many a sad kiss by day or night renew'd  
 (Sure that all evil would come out of it)  
 Besought him, supplicating, if he cared  
 For her or his dear children, not to go.  
 He not for his own self caring but her, 165  
 Her and her children, let her plead in vain;  
 So grieving held his will, and bore it thro.'

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,  
 Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand  
 To fit their little streetward sitting-room 170

With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.  
 So all day long till Enoch's last at home,  
 Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,  
 Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear  
 Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang, 175  
 Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—  
 The space was narrow,—having order'd all  
 Almost as neat and close as Nature packs  
 Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,  
 Who needs would work for Annie to the last, 180  
 Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell  
 Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,  
 Save as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.  
 Yet Enoch, as a brave God-fearing man, 185  
 Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery  
 Where God-in-man in one with man-in-God,  
 Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes  
 Whatever came to him: and then he said  
 'Annie, this voyage by the grace of God 190  
 Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.  
 Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,  
 For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it.'  
 Then lightly rocking baby's cradle, 'and he,  
 This pretty, puny, weakly little one,— 195  
 Nay—for I love him all the better for it—  
 God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees  
 And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,  
 And make him merry, when I come home again.  
 Come Annie, come, cheer up before I go.' 200

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,  
 And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd

The current of his talk to graver things  
 In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing  
 On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard, 205  
 Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,  
 Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,  
 Musing on him that used to fill it for her,  
 Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke 'O Enoch, you are wise; 210  
 And yet for all your wisdom well know I  
 That I shall look upon your face no more.'

'Well then,' said Enoch, 'I shall look on yours.  
 Annie, the ship I sail in passes here  
 (He named the day), get you a seaman's glass, 215  
 Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears.'

But when the last of those last moments came,  
 'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,  
 Look to the babes, and till I come again,  
 Keep everything shipshape, for I must go. 220  
 And fear no more for me; or if you fear  
 Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.  
 Is He not yonder in those uttermost  
 Parts of the morning? if I flee to these  
 Can I go from Him? and the sea is his, 225  
 The sea is His: He made it.'

Enoch rose,  
 Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,  
 And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;  
 But for the third, the sickly one, who slept 230  
 After a night of feverous wakefulness,  
 When Annie would have raised him Enoch said



'Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the child  
Remember this?' and kiss'd him in his cot.  
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt 235  
A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept  
Thro' all his future; but now hastily caught  
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She, when the day that Enoch mention'd, came,  
Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: perhaps 240  
She could not fix the glass to suit her eye;  
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;  
She saw him not: and while he stood on deck  
Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail 245  
She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him;  
Then, tho' she mourned his absence as his grave,  
Set her sad will no less to chime with his,  
But throve not in her trade, not being bred  
To barter, nor compensating the want 250  
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,  
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,  
And still foreboding 'what would Enoch say?'  
For more than once, in days of difficulty  
And pressure, had she sold her wares for less 255  
Than what she gave in buying what she sold:  
She failed and sadden'd knowing it; and thus,  
Expectant of that news which never came,  
Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,  
And lived a life of silent melancholy. 260

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew  
Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it  
With all a mother's care: nevertheless,

Whether her business often called her from it,  
 Or thro' the want of what it needed most, 265  
 Or means to pay the voice who best could tell *Tennyson*  
 What most it needed—howsoe'er it was,  
 After a lingering,—ere she was aware,—  
 Like the caged bird escaping suddenly  
 The little innocent soul flitted away. 270

In that same week when Annie buried it,  
 Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace  
 (Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),  
 Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.  
 'Surely' said Philip 'I may see her now, 275  
 May be some little comfort;' therefore went,  
 Past thro' the solitary room in front,  
 Paused for a moment at an inner door,  
 Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,  
 Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her grief, 280  
 Fresh from the burial of her little one,  
 Cared not to look on any human face,  
 But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.  
 Then Philip standing up said falteringly  
 'Annie, I came to ask a favour of you.' 285

He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply  
 'Favour from one so sad and so forlorn  
 As I am!' half abashed him; yet unask'd,  
 His bashfulness and tenderness at war,  
 He set himself beside her, saying to her: 290  
 'I came to speak to you of what he wished,  
 Enoch, your husband: I have ever said  
 You chose the best among us—a strong man:  
 For where he fixt his heart he set his hand  
 To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'. 295

And wherefore did he go this weary way,  
 And leave you lonely? not to see the world—  
 For pleasure?—nay, but for the wherewithal  
 To give his babes a better bringing-up  
 Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish. 300  
 And if he come again, vext will he be  
 To find the precious morning hours were lost.  
 And it would vex him even in his grave,  
 If he could know his babes were running wild  
 Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now— 305  
 Have we not known each other all our lives?  
 I do beseech you by the love you bear  
 Him and his children not to say me nay—  
 For, if you will, when Enoch comes again  
 Why then he shall repay me—if you will, 310  
 Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do.  
 Now let me put the boy and girl to school:  
 This is the favour that I came to ask.'

Then Annie with her brows against the wall  
 Answer'd 'I cannot look you in the face; 315  
 I seem so foolish and so broken down.  
 When you came in my sorrow broke me down;  
 And now I think your kindness breaks me down;  
 But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me:  
 He will repay you: money can be repaid; 320  
 Not kindness such as yours.'

And Philip ask'd

'Then you will let me, Annie?'

There she turn'd,  
 She rose, and fixed her swimming eyes upon 'him, 325  
 And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,  
 Then calling down a blessing on his head

Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,  
 And past into the little garth beyond.  
 So lifted up in spirit he moved away. 330

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,  
 And bought them needful books, and every way,  
 Like one who does his duty by his own,  
 Made himself theirs: and tho' for Annie's sake,  
 Fearing the lazy gossip of the port, 335  
 He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,  
 And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent  
 Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,  
 The late and early roses from his wall,  
 Or conies from the down, and now and then, 340  
 With some pretext of fineness in the meal  
 To save the offence of charitable, flour  
 From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind:  
 Scarce could the woman when he came upon her, 345  
 Out of full heart and boundless gratitude  
 Light on a broken word to thank him with.  
 But Philip was her children's all-in-all;  
 From distant corners of the street they ran  
 To greet his hearty welcome heartily; 350  
 Lords of his house and of his mill were they;  
 Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs  
 Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him  
 And called him Father Philip. Philip gain'd  
 As Enoch lost; for Enoch seem'd to them 355  
 Uncertain as a vision or a dream,  
 Faint as a figure seen in early dawn  
 Down at the far end of an avenue,

Going we know not where: and so ten years,  
 Since Enoch left his hearth and native land, 360  
 Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd  
 To go with others, nutting to the wood,  
 And Annie would go with them; then they begg'd  
 For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too: 365  
 Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,  
 Blanch'd with his mill, they found; and saying to  
 him  
 'Come with us father Philip' he denied;  
 But when the children pluck'd at him to go,  
 He laughed and yielded readily to their wish, 370  
 For was not Annie with them? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,  
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began  
 To feather toward the hollow, all her force  
 Fail'd her; and sighing, 'Let me rest' she said; 375  
 So Philip rested with her well-content;  
 While all the younger ones with jubilant cries  
 Broke from their elders, and tumultuously  
 Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge  
 To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke 380  
 The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away  
 Their tawny clusters, crying to each other  
 And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot  
 Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour 385  
 Here in this wood, when like a wounded life  
 He crept into the shadow: at last he said  
 Lifting his honest forehead, 'Listen, Annie,

How merry they are down yonder in the wood.  
 'Tired, Annie?' for she did not speak a word. 390  
 'Tired?' but her face had fallen upon her hands;  
 At which as with a kind of anger in him,  
 'The ship was lost,' he said, 'the ship was lost!  
 No more of that! why should you kill yourself  
 And make them orphans quite?' And Annie said 395  
 'I thought not of it: but—I know not why—  
 Their voices make me feel so solitary.'

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.  
 'Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,  
 And it has been upon my mind so long, 400  
 That tho' I know not when it first came there,  
 I know that it will out at last. O Annie,  
 It is beyond all hope, against all chance,  
 That he who left you ten long years ago  
 Should still be living; well then—let me speak: 405  
 I grieve to see you poor and wanting help:  
 I cannot help you as I wish to do  
 Unless—they say that women are so quick—  
 Perhaps you know what I would have you know—  
 I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove 410  
 A father to your children: I do think  
 They love me as a father: I am sure  
 That I love them as if they were mine own;  
 And I believe, if you were fast my wife,  
 That after all these sad uncertain years, 415  
 We might be still as happy as God grants  
 To any of His creatures. Think upon it:  
 For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care,  
 No burthen, save my care for you and yours:  
 And we have known each other all our lives, 420  
 And I have loved you longer than you know.'

Then answer'd Annie; tenderly she spoke:  
 'You have been as God's good angel in our house.  
 God bless you for it, God reward you for it,  
 Philip, with something happier than myself. 425  
 Can one love twice? can you be ever loved  
 As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?'  
 'I am content' he answer'd 'to be loved  
 A little after Enoch.' 'O' she cried  
 Scared as it were 'dear Philip, wait a while: 430  
 If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—  
 Yet wait a year, a year is not so long:  
 Surely I shall be wiser in a year:  
 O wait a little!' Philip sadly said  
 'Annie, as I have waited all my life 435  
 I well may wait a little.' 'Nay' she cried  
 'I am bound: you have my promise—in a year:  
 Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?'  
 And Philip answer'd 'I will bide my year.'

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up 440  
 Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day  
 Pass from the Danish barrow overhead;  
 Then fearing night and chill for Annie, rose  
 And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.  
 Up came the children laden with their spoil; 445  
 Then all descended to the port, and there  
 At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,  
 Saying gently 'Annie, when I spoke to you,  
 That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong.  
 I am always bound to you, but you are free.' 450  
 Then Annie weeping answer'd 'I am bound.'

She spoke; and in one moment as it were,  
 While yet she went about her household ways,

Even as she dwelt upon his latest words,  
 That he had lov'd her longer than she knew, 455  
 That autumn into autumn flash'd again,  
 And there he stood once more before her face,  
 Claiming her promise. 'Is it a year?' she ask'd.  
 'Yes, if the nuts' he said 'be ripe again:  
 Come out and see.' But she—she put him off— 460  
 So much to look to—such a change—a month—  
 Give her a month—she knew that she was bound—  
 A month—no more. Then Philip with his eyes  
 Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice  
 Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand, 465  
 'Take your own time, Annie, take your own time'.  
 And Annie could have wept for pity of him;  
 And yet she held him on delayingly  
 With many a scarce-believable excuse,  
 Trying his truth and his long-sufferance, 470  
 Till half-another year had slipped away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,  
 Abhorrent of a calculation crost  
 Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.  
 Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her; 475  
 Some that she but held off to draw him on;  
 And others laughed at her and Philip too,  
 As simple folk that knew not their own minds;  
 And one, in whom all evil fancies clung  
 Like serpent eggs together, laughingly 480  
 Would hint at worse in either. Her own son  
 Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish;  
 But evermore the daughter prest upon her  
 To wed the man so dear to all of them  
 And lift the household out of poverty; 485



And Philip's rosy face contracting grew  
 Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on her  
 Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced

That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly           490  
 Pray'd for a sign 'my Enoch is he gone?'  
 Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night  
 Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,  
 Started from bed, and struck herself a light,  
 Then desperately seized the holy Book,           495  
 Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,  
 Suddenly put her finger on the text,  
 'Under a palm-tree.' That was nothing to her:  
 No meaning there: she closed the Book and slept:  
 When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,           500  
 Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun:  
 'He is gone,' she thought, 'he is happy, he is singing  
 Hosanna in the highest: yonder shines  
 The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms  
 Whereof the happy people strowing cried           505  
 "Hosanna in the highest!"' Here she woke,  
 Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him  
 'There is no reason why we should not wed,'  
 'Then for God's sake,' he answer'd, 'both our sakes,  
 So you will wed me, let it be at once.'           510

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,  
 Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.  
 But never merrily beat Annie's heart.  
 A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,  
 She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,           515  
 She knew not what; nor loved she to be left  
 Alone at home nor ventured out alone.

What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often  
 Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,  
 Fearing to enter: Philip thought he knew: 520  
 Such doubts and fears were common to her state,  
 Being with child: but when her child was born,  
 Then her new child was as herself renew'd,  
 Then the new mother came about her heart,  
 Then her good Philip was her all-in-all, 525  
 And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch? Prosperously sail'd  
 The ship 'Good Fortune,' tho' at setting forth,  
 The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook  
 And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext 530  
 She slipt across the summer of the world,  
 Then after a long tumble about the Cape  
 And frequent interchange of foul and fair,  
 She passing thro' the summer world again,  
 The breath of heaven came continually 535  
 And sent her sweetly by the golden isles, *East Indies*  
 Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought  
 Quaint monsters for the market of those times,  
 A gilded dragon also for the babes. 540

Less lucky her home-voyage: at first indeed  
 Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day, *rough weather*  
 Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head  
 Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows:  
 Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable, 545  
 Then baffling, a long course of them; and last  
 Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens,  
 Till hard upon the cry of 'breakers' came

The crash of ruin, and the loss of all  
 But Enoch and two others. Half the night, 550  
 Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,  
 These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn,  
 Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,  
 Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots; 555  
 Nor save for pity was it hard to take  
 The helpless life so wild that it was tame.  
 There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge  
 They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,  
 Half hut, half native cavern. So the three, 560  
 Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,  
 Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,  
 Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,  
 Lay lingering out a three years' death-in-life. 565  
 They could not leave him. After he was gone,  
 The two remaining found a fallen stem;  
 And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,  
 Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell  
 Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone. 570  
 In those two deaths he read God's warning 'wait.'

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns  
 And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,  
 The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,  
 The lightning flash of insect and of bird, 575  
 The lustre of the long convolvuluses  
 That coil'd around the stately stems and ran  
 Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows  
 And glories of the broad belt of the world,  
 All these he saw; but what he fain had seen 580

He could not see, the kindly human face,  
 Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard  
 The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,  
 The league-long roller thundering on the reef,  
 The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd 585  
 And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep  
 Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,  
 As down the shore he ranged, or all day long  
 Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,  
 A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail: 590  
 No sail from day to day, but every day  
 The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts  
 Among the palms and ferns and precipices;  
 The blaze upon the waters to the east;  
 The blaze upon his island overhead; 595  
 The blaze upon the waters to the west;  
 Then the great stars that globed themselves in  
     Heaven,  
 The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again  
 The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch, 600  
 So still the golden lizard on him paused,  
 A phantom made of many phantoms moved  
 Before him haunting him, or he himself  
 Moved haunting people, things and places, known  
 Far in a darker isle beyond the line; 605  
 The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,  
 The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,  
 The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,  
 The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill  
 November dawns and dewy-glooming downs, 610  
 The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,  
 And the low moan of leaden-colour'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,  
 Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away—  
 He heard the pealing of his parish bells; 615  
 Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up  
 Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle  
 Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart  
 Spoken with That, which being everywhere  
 Lets none who speaks with Him, seem all alone, 620  
 Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head  
 The sunny and rainy seasons came and went  
 Year after year. His hopes to see his own,  
 And pace the sacred old familiar fields, 625  
 Not yet had perished, when his lonely doom  
 Came suddenly to an end. Another ship  
 (She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,  
 Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course,  
 Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay: 630  
 For since the mate had seen at early dawn  
 Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle  
 The silent water slipping from the hills,  
 They sent a crew that landing burst away  
 In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores 635  
 With clamour. Downward from his mountain gorge  
 Stept the long-hair'd, long-bearded solitary,  
 Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,  
 Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seem'd,  
 With inarticulate rage, and making signs 640  
 They knew not what: and yet he led the way  
 To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;  
 And ever as he mingled with the crew,  
 And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue  
 Was loosen'd, till he made them understand; 645

Whom, when their casks were fill'd, they took aboard:  
 And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,  
 Scarce credited at first but more and more,  
 Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it:  
 And clothes they gave him and free passage home; 650  
 But oft he work'd among the rest and shook  
 His isolation from him. None of these  
 Came from his county, or could answer him,  
 If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.  
 And dull the voyage was with long delays, 655  
 The vessel scarce sea-worthy; but evermore  
 His fancy fled before the lazy wind  
 Returning, till beneath a clouded moon  
 He like a lover down thro' all his blood  
 Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath 660  
 Of England, blown across her ghostly wall:  
 And that same morning officers and men  
 Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,  
 Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it:  
 Then moving up the coast they landed him, 665  
 Ev'n in that harbour whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,  
 But homeward—home—what home? had he a home?  
 His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,  
 Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm, 670  
 Where either haven open'd on the deeps,  
 Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray;  
 Cut off the length of highway on before,  
 And left but narrow breadth to left and right  
 Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage. 675  
 On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped  
 Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze  
 The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:

Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;  
 Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light 680  
 Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,  
 His heart foreshadowing all calamity,  
 His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home  
 Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes 685  
 In those far-off seven happy years were born;  
 But finding neither light nor murmur there  
 (A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept  
 Still downward thinking 'dead, or dead to me!'

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went, 690  
 Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,  
 A front of timber-crost antiquity,  
 So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,  
 He thought it must have gone; but he was gone  
 Who kept it; and his widow, Miriam Lane, 695  
 With daily-dwindling profits held the house;  
 A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now  
 Still, with yet a bed for wandering men.  
 There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous, 700  
 Nor let him be, but often breaking in,  
 Told him with other annals of the port,  
 Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd  
 So broken—all the story of his house.  
 His baby's death, her growing poverty, 705  
 How Philip put her little ones to school,  
 And kept them in it, his long wooing her,  
 Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth  
 Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance

No shadow past, nor motion: any one, 710  
 Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale  
 Less than the teller: only when she closed  
 'Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost'  
 He, shaking his gray head pathetically,  
 Repeated muttering 'cast away and lost;' 715  
 Again in deeper inward whispers 'lost!'

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again;  
 'If I might look on her sweet face again  
 And know that she is happy.' So the thought  
 Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth, 720  
 At evening when the dull November day  
 Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.  
 There he sat down gazing on all below;  
 There did a thousand memories roll upon him,  
 Unspeakable for sadness. By and by 725  
 The ruddy square of comfortable light,  
 Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,  
 Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures  
 The bird of passage, till he madly strikes  
 Against it, and beats out his weary life. 730

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,  
 The latest house to landward; but behind,  
 With one small gate that open'd on the waste,  
 Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd:  
 And in it throve an ancient evergreen, 735  
 A yew-tree, and all around it ran a walk  
 Of shingle, and a walk divided it;  
 But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole  
 Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence  
 That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs 740  
 Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.



For cups and silver on the burnish'd board  
 Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth:  
 And on the right hand of the hearth he saw  
 Philip, the slighted suitor of old times, 745  
 Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;  
 And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,  
 A later but a loftier Annie Lee,  
 Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand  
 Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring 750  
 To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,  
 Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd:  
 And on the left hand of the hearth he saw  
 The mother glancing often toward her babe,  
 But turning now and then to speak with him, 755  
 Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,  
 And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld  
 His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe  
 Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee, 760  
 And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,  
 And his own children tall and beautiful,  
 And him, that other, reigning in his place,  
 Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—  
 Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all, 765  
 Because things seen are mightier than things heard,  
 Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd  
 To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,  
 Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,  
 Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth. 770

He therefore turning softly like a thief,  
 Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,  
 And feeling all along the garden-wall,

Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,  
 Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed, 775  
 As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,  
 Behind him, and came out upon the waste,

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees  
 Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug  
 His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd. 780

'Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?  
 O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou  
 That did'st uphold me on my lonely isle,  
 Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness  
 A little longer! aid me, give me strength 785  
 Not to tell her, never to let her know.  
 Help me not to break in upon her peace.  
 My children too! must I not speak to these?  
 They know me not. I should betray myself.  
 Never: no father's kiss for me—the girl 790  
 So like her mother, and the boy, my son.'

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little  
 And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced  
 Back toward his solitary home again,  
 All down the long and narrow street he went 795  
 Beating it in upon his weary brain,  
 As tho' it were the burthen of a song,  
 'Not to tell her, never to let her know.'

He was not all unhappy. His resolve  
 Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore 800  
 Prayer from a living source within the will,  
 And beating up thro' all the bitter world,  
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,

Kept him a living soul. 'This miller's wife'  
 He said to Miriam 'that you told me of, 805  
 Has she no fear that her first husband lives?'  
 'Ay, ay, poor soul' said Miriam, 'fear enow!  
 If you could tell her you had seen him dead,  
 Why, that would be her comfort;' and he thought  
 'After the Lord has call'd me she shall know; 810  
 I wait his time'; and Enoch set himself,  
 Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.  
 Almost to all things could he turn his hand.  
 Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought  
 To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd 815  
 At lading and unlading the tall barks,  
 That brought the stinted commerce of those days;  
 Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:  
 Yet since he did but labour for himself,  
 Work without hope, there was not life in it 820  
 Whereby the man could live; and as the year  
 Roll'd itself round again to meet the day  
 When Enoch had return'd, a languor came  
 Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually  
 Weakening the man, till he could do no more, 825  
 But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.  
 And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.  
 For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck  
 See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall  
 The boat that bears the hope of life approach 830  
 To save the life despair'd of, than he saw  
 Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope  
 On Enoch thinking 'after I am gone,  
 Then may she learn I loved her to the last.' 835  
 He called aloud for Miriam Lane and said

'Woman, I have a secret—only swear,  
 Before I tell you—swear upon the book  
 Not to reveal it, till you see me dead.'  
 'Dead,' clamour'd the good woman, 'hear him talk! 840  
 I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round.'  
 'Swear' added Enoch sternly 'on the book.'  
 And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.  
 Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,  
 'Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?' 845  
 'Know him?' she said, 'I knew him far away.  
 Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;  
 Held his head high, and cared for no man, he.'  
 Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her;  
 'His head is low, and no man cares for him. 850  
 I think I have not three days more to live;  
 I am the man.' 'At which the woman gave  
 A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.  
 'You Arden, you! nay,—sure he was a foot  
 Higher than you be.' Enoch said again 855  
 'My God has bow'd me down to what I am;  
 My grief and solitude have broken me;  
 Nevertheless, know you that I am he  
 Who married—but that name has twice been changed:  
 I married her who married Philip Ray. 860  
 Sit, listen.' Then he told her of his voyage,  
 His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,  
 His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,  
 And how he kept it. As the woman heard,  
 Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears, 865  
 While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly  
 To rush abroad all round the little haven,  
 Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;  
 But awed and promise-bounden she forebore,  
 Saying only 'See your bairns before you go! 870

Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden,' and arose  
 Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung  
 A moment on her words, but then replied:  
 'Woman, disturb me not now at the last,  
 But let me hold my purpose till I die. 875  
 Sit down again; mark me and understand,  
 While I have power to speak. I charge you now,  
 When you shall see her, tell her that I died  
 Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;  
 Save for the bar between us, loving her 880  
 As when she laid her head beside my own.  
 And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw  
 So like her mother, that my latest breath  
 Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.  
 And tell my son that I died blessing him. 885  
 And say to Philip that I blest him too;  
 He never meant us any thing but good.  
 But if my children care to see me dead,  
 Who hardly knew me living, let them come,  
 I am their father; but she must not come, 890  
 For my dead face would vex her after-life.  
 And now there is but one of all my blood,  
 Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:  
 This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it,  
 And I have borne it with me all these years, 895  
 And thought to bear it with me to my grave;  
 But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,  
 My babe in bliss: wherefore when I am gone,  
 Take, give her this, for it may comfort her:  
 It will moreover be a token to her, 900  
 That I am he.'

He ceased; and Miriam Lane  
 Made such a voluble answer promising all,

That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her  
 Repeating all he wish'd, and once again 905  
 She promised.

Then the third night after this,  
 While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,  
 And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,  
 There came so loud a calling of the sea, 910  
 That all the houses in the haven rang.  
 He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,  
 Crying with a loud voice 'a sail! a sail!  
 I am saved'; and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away. 915  
 And when they buried him the little port  
 Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

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'OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS'

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,  
 The thunders breaking at her feet:  
 Above her shook the starry lights:  
 She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice, 5  
 Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,  
 But fragments of her mighty voice  
 Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field  
 To mingle with the human race, 10  
 And part by part to men reveal'd  
 The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,  
 From her isle-altar gazing down,  
 Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks, 15  
 And, King-like, wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth.  
 The wisdom of a thousand years  
 Is in them. May perpetual youth  
 Keep dry their light from tears; 20

That her fair form may stand and shine,  
 Make bright our days and light our dreams,  
 Turning to scorn with lips divine  
 . The falsehood of extremes!

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THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Half a league, half a league,  
 Half a league onward,  
 All in the valley of Death  
 Rode the six hundred.  
 'Forward, the Light Brigade! 5  
 Charge for the guns!' he said:  
 Into the valley of Death  
 Rode the six hundred.

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'  
 Was there a man dismay'd? 10  
 Not tho' the soldier knew  
 Some one had blunder'd:  
 Theirs not to make reply,  
 Theirs not to reason why,  
 Theirs but to do and die: 15  
 Into the valley of Death  
 Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
 Cannon to left of them,  
 Cannon in front of them                   20  
     Volley'd and thunder'd;  
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
 Boldly they rode and well,  
 Into the jaws of Death,  
 Into the mouth of Hell                   25  
     Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,  
 Flash'd as they turn'd in air,  
 Sabring the gunners there,  
 Charging an army, while                   30  
     All the world wonder'd:  
 Plunged in the battery smoke  
 Right thro' the line they broke;  
 Cossack and Russian  
 Reel'd from the sabre-stroke               35  
     Shatter'd and sunder'd.  
 Then they rode back, but not,  
     Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
 Cannon to left of them,                   40  
 Cannon behind them  
     Volley'd and thunder'd;  
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
 While horse and hero fell,  
 They that had fought so well               45  
 Came thro' the jaws of Death,  
 Back from the mouth of Hell,  
 All that was left of them,  
     Left of six hundred.



ODE ON THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON 61

When can their glory fade? 50  
O the wild charge they made!  
All the world wonder'd.  
Honour the charge they made!  
Honour the Light Brigade,  
Noble six hundred! 55

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ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF  
WELLINGTON.

PUBLISHED IN 1852.

I.

Bury the Great Duke  
With an empire's lamentation,  
Let us bury the Great Duke  
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,  
Mourning when their leaders fall, 5  
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,  
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?  
Here, in streaming London's central roar.  
Let the sound of those he wrought for, 10  
And the feet of those he fought for,  
Echo round his bones for evermore.

III.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,  
As fits an universal woe,  
Let the long long procession go. 15

And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow  
 And let the mournful martial music blow;  
 The last great Englishman is low.

## IV.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,  
 Remembering all his greatness in the Past. 20  
 No more in soldier fashion will he greet  
 With lifted hand the gazer in the street.  
 O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute:  
 Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,  
 The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute, 25  
 Whole in himself, a common good.  
 Mourn for the man of amplest influence,  
 Yet clearest of ambitious crime,  
 Our greatest yet with least pretence,  
 Great in council and great in war, 30  
 Foremost captain of his time,  
 Rich in saving common-sense,  
 And, as the greatest only are,  
 In his simplicity sublime.  
 O good gray head which all men knew, 35  
 O voice from which their omens all men drew,  
 O iron nerve to true occasion true,  
 O fall'n at length that tower of strength  
 Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!  
 Such was he whom we deplore. 40  
 The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.  
 The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.

## V.

All is over and done:  
 Render thanks to the Giver,  
 England, for thy son. 45

Let the bell be toll'd.  
 Render thanks to the Giver,  
 And render him to the mould.  
 Under the cross of gold  
 That shines over city and river, 50  
 There he shall rest for ever  
 Among the wise and the bold.  
 Let the bell be toll'd:  
 And a reverent people behold  
 The towering car, the sable steeds: 55  
 Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,  
 Dark in its funeral fold.  
 Let the bell be toll'd:  
 And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd;  
 And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd 60  
 Thro' the dome of the golden cross;  
 And the volleying cannon thunder his loss;  
 He knew their voices of old.  
 For mány a time in many a clime  
 His captain's-ear has heard them boom 65  
 Bellowing victory, bellowing doom:  
 When he with those deep voices wrought,  
 Guarding realms and kings from shame;  
 With those deep voices our dead captain taught  
 The tyrant, and asserts his claim 70  
 In that dread sound to the great name,  
 Which he has worn so pure of blame,  
 In praise and in dispraise the same,  
 A man of well-attemper'd frame.  
 O civic muse, to such a name, 75  
 To such a name for ages long,  
 To such a name,  
 Preserve a broad approach of fame,  
 And ever-ringing avenues of song.

## VI.

Who is he that cometh like an honour'd guest,       80  
 With banner and with music, with soldier and with  
     priest,  
 With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?  
 Mighty Seaman, this is he  
 Was great by land as thou by sea.  
 Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,       85  
 The greatest sailor since our world began.  
 Now, to the roll of muffled drums,  
 To thee the greatest soldier comes;  
 For this is he  
 Was great by land as thou by sea;                     90  
 His foes were thine; he kept us free;  
 O give him welcome, this is he  
 Worthy of our gorgeous rites,  
 And worthy to be laid by thee;  
 For this is England's greatest son,                     95  
 He that gain'd a hundred fights,  
 Nor ever lost an English gun;  
 This is he that far away  
 Against the myriads of Assaye  
 Clash'd with his fiery few and won;                     100  
 And underneath another sun,  
 Warring on a later day,  
 Round affrighted Lisbon drew  
 The treble works, the vast designs  
 Of his labour'd rampart-lines,                         105  
 Where he greatly stood at bay,  
 Whence he issued forth anew,  
 And ever great and greater grew,  
 Beating from the wasted vines  
 Back to France her banded swarms,                     110

Back to France with countless blows,  
 Till o'er the hills her eagles flew *st*  
 Beyond the Pyrenean pines,  
 Follow'd up in valley and glen  
 With blare of bugle, clamour of men, 115  
 Roll of cannon and clash of arms,  
 And England pouring on her foes.  
 Such a war had such a close.  
 Again their ravening eagle rose *st*  
 In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings, 120  
 And barking for the thrones of kings;  
 Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown  
 On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down;  
 A day of onsets of despair! *refers*  
 Dash'd on every rocky square 125  
 Their surging charges foam'd themselves away;  
 Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;  
 Thro' the long-tormented air  
 Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray,  
 And down we swept and charged and overthrew. 130  
 So great a soldier taught us there,  
 What long-enduring hearts could do  
 In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!  
 Mighty Seaman, tender and true, *st*  
 And pure as he from taint of craven guile, 135  
 O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,  
 O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,  
 If aught of things that here befall  
 Touch a spirit among things divine,  
 If love of country move thee there at all, 140  
 Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!  
 And thro' the centuries let a people's voice  
 In full acclaim,

A people's voice,  
 The proof and echo of all human fame, 145  
 A people's voice, when they rejoice  
 At civic revel and pomp and game,  
 Attest their great commander's claim,  
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,  
 Eternal honour to his name. 150

## VII.

A people's voice! we are a people yet.  
 Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,  
 Confused by brainless mobs and lawless powers;  
 Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set  
 His Saxon in blown seas and storming showers, 155  
 We have a voice, with which to pay the debt  
 Of boundless love and reverence and regret  
 To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.  
 And keep it ours, O God, from brute control;  
 O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul 160  
 Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,  
 And save the one true seed of freedom sown  
 Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,  
 That sober freedom out of which there springs  
 Our loyal passion for our temperate kings; 165  
 For, saving that, ye help to save mankind  
 Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,  
 And drill the raw world for the march of mind,  
 Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.  
 But wink no more in slothful overtrust. 170  
 Remember him who led your hosts;  
 He bade you guard the sacred coasts.  
 Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall;  
 His voice is silent in your council-hall

For ever; and whatever tempests lour 175  
 For ever silent; even if they broke  
 In thunder, silent; yet remember all  
 He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke;  
 Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,  
 Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power; 180  
 Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow  
 Thro' either babbling world of high and low;  
 Whose life was work, whose language rife  
 With rugged maxims hewn from life;  
 Who never spoke against a foe; 185  
 Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke  
 All great self-seekers trampling on the right:  
 Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;  
 Truth-lover was our English Duke;  
 Whatever record leap to light 190  
 He never shall be shamed.

VIII.

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars  
 Now to glorious burial slowly borne,  
 Follow'd by the brave of other lands,  
 He, on whom from both her open hands 195  
 Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,  
 And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.  
 Yea, let all good things await  
 Him who cares not to be great,  
 But as he saves or serves the state. 200  
 Not once or twice in our rough island-story,  
 The path of duty was the way to glory:  
 He that walks it, only thirsting  
 For the right, and learns to deaden  
 Love of self, before his journey closes, 205

He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting  
 Into glossy purples, which outredden  
 All voluptuous garden-roses.  
 Not once or twice in our fair island-story,  
 The path of duty was the way to glory: 210  
 He, that ever following her commands,  
 On with toil of heart and knees and hands,  
 Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won  
 His path upward, and prevail'd,  
 Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled 215  
 Are close upon the shining table-lands  
 To which our God Himself is moon and sun.  
 Such was he: his work is done.  
 But while the races of mankind endure,  
 Let his great example stand 220  
 Colossal, seen of every land,  
 And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure:  
 Till in all lands and thro' all human story  
 The path of duty be the way to glory:  
 And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame,  
 For many and many an age proclaim 226  
 At civic revel and pomp and game,  
 And when the long-illumined cities flame,  
 Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,  
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him, 230  
 Eternal honour to his name.

## IX.

Peace, his triumph will be sung  
 By some yet unmoulded tongue  
 Far on in summers that we shall not see:  
 Peace, it is a day of pain *John* 235  
 For one about whose patriarchal knee



Late the little children clung:  
 O peace, it is a day of pain  
 For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain  
 Once the weight and fate of Europe hung. 240  
 Ours the pain, be his the gain!  
 More than is of man's degree  
 Must be with us, watching here  
 At this, our great solemnity.  
 Whom we see not we revere; *see* 245  
 We revere, and we refrain  
 From talk of battles loud and vain,  
 And brawling memories all too free  
 For such a wise humility  
 As befits a solemn fane: 250  
 We revere, and while we hear  
 The tides of Music's golden sea  
 Setting toward eternity,  
 Uplifted high in heart and hope are we.  
 Until we doubt not that for one so true 255  
 There must be other nobler work to do  
 Than when he fought at Waterloo,  
 And Victor he must ever be.  
 For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill  
 And break the shore, and evermore 260  
 Make and break, and work their will;  
 Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll  
 Round us, each with different powers,  
 And other forms of life than ours,  
 What know we greater than the soul? 265  
 On God and Godlike men we build our trust.  
 Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears:  
 The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears.  
 The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears;  
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; 270

He is gone who seem'd so great,—  
 Gone; but nothing can bereave him  
 Of the force he made his own  
 Being here, and we believe him  
 Something far advanced in State; 275  
 And that he wears a truer crown  
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.  
 Speak no more of his renown,  
 Lay your earthly fancies down,  
 And in the vast cathedral leave him, 280  
 God accept him, Christ receive him.

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### THE LOTOS-EATERS.

'Courage!' he said, and pointed toward the land,  
 'This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.'  
 In the afternoon they came unto a land  
 In which it seemed always afternoon.  
 All round the coast the languid air did swoon, 5  
 Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.  
 Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;  
 And like a downward smoke, the slender stream  
 Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke, 10  
 Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;  
 And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,  
 Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.  
 They saw the gleaming river seaward flow  
 From the inner land: far off, three mountains tops, 15  
 Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,  
 Stood sunset-flushed; and, dew'd with showery drops  
 Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown  
 In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale 20  
 Was seen far inland, and the yellow down  
 Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale  
 And meadow, set with slender galingale;  
 A land where all things always seemed the same!  
 And round about the keel with faces pale, 25  
 Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,  
 The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,  
 Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave 30  
 To each, but whoso did receive of them,  
 And taste, to him the gushing of the wave  
 Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave  
 On alien shores: and if his fellow spake,  
 His voice was thin, as voices from the grave,  
 And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake, 35  
 And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,  
 Between the sun and moon upon the shore;  
 And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,  
 Of child, and wife, and slave; but ever-more 40  
 Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,  
 Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.  
 Then some one said, 'We will return no more;'  
 And all at once they sang, 'Our island home  
 If far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.' 45

## CHORIC SONG.

## I.

There is sweet music here that softer falls  
 Than petals from blown roses on the grass,

Or night-dews on still waters between walls  
 Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;  
 Music that gentler on the spirit lies, 50  
 Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;  
 Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful  
 skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,  
 And thro' the moss the ivies creep,  
 And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep, 55  
 And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

## II.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,  
 And utterly consumed with sharp distress,  
 While all things else have rest from weariness?  
 All things have rest: why should we toil alone, 60  
 We only toil, who are the first of things,  
 And make perpetual moan,  
 Still from one sorrow to another thrown;  
 Nor ever fold our wings,  
 And cease from wanderings, 65  
 Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;  
 Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,  
 'There is no joy but calm!'  
 Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of  
 things?

## III.

Lo! in the middle of the wood, 70  
 The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud  
 With winds upon the branch, and there  
 Grows green and broad, and takes no care,  
 Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon

Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow 75  
 Falls, and floats adown the air.  
 Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,  
 The full-juiced apple waxing over-mellow,  
 Drops in a silent autumn night.  
 All its allotted length of days, 80  
 The flower ripens in its place,  
 Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,  
 Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

## IV.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,  
 Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea. 85  
 Death is the end of life; ah, why  
 Should life all labour be?  
 Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,  
 And in a little while our lips are dumb.  
 Let us alone. What is it that will last? 90  
 All things are taken from us, and become  
 Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.  
 Let us alone. What pleasure can we have  
 To war with evil? Is there any peace  
 In ever climbing up the climbing wave? 95  
 All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave  
 In silence; ripen, fall and cease:  
 Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful  
 ease.

## V.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,  
 With half-shut eyes ever to seem . 100  
 Falling asleep in a half-dream!  
 To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,

Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;  
 To hear each other's whisper'd speech;  
 Eating the Lotos day by day, 105  
 To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,  
 And tender curving lines of creamy spray;  
 To lend our hearts and spirits wholly  
 To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;  
 To muse and brood and live again in memory, 110  
 With those old faces of our infancy  
 Heap'd over with a mound of grass,  
 Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

## VI.

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,  
 And dear the last embraces of our wives 115  
 And their warm tears: but all hath suffer'd change:  
 For surely now our household hearths are cold:  
 Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:  
 And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.  
 Or else the island princes over-bold 120  
 Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings  
 Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,  
 And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.  
 Is there confusion in the little isle?  
 Let what is broken so remain. 125  
 The Gods are hard to reconcile:  
 'Tis hard to settle order once again.  
 There *is* confusion worse than death,  
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,  
 Long labour unto aged breath, 130  
 Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars  
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

## VII.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,  
 How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)  
 With half-dropt eyelid still, 135  
 Beneath a heaven dark and holy,  
 To watch the long bright river drawing slowly  
 His waters from the purple hill—  
 To hear the dewy echoes calling  
 From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine— 140  
 To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling  
 Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!  
 Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,  
 Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the  
 pine.

## VIII.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak: 145  
 The Lotos blows by every winding creek:  
 All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone:  
 Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone  
 Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-  
 dust is blown.  
 We have had enough of action, and of motion we, 150  
 Rolled to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge  
 was seething free,  
 Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-  
 fountains in the sea.  
 Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,  
 In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined  
 On the hills like Gods together, careless of man- 155  
 kind.  
 For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are  
 hurled'

Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are  
lightly curl'd  
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming  
world:  
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted  
lands,  
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring  
deeps and fiery sands, 160  
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking  
ships, and praying hands.  
But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful  
song  
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of  
wrong,  
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are  
strong;  
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave  
the soil, 165  
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring  
toil,  
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;  
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whispered  
—down in hell  
Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys  
dwell,  
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel. 170  
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the  
shore  
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave  
and oar;  
Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander  
more.



ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king,  
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,  
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole  
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,  
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me. 5  
 I cannot rest from travel: I will drink  
 Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd  
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those  
 That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when  
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades 10  
 Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;  
 For always roaming with a hungry heart  
 Much have I seen and known; cities of men  
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,  
 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all; 15  
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,  
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.  
 I am a part of all that I have met;  
 Yet all experience is an arch where thro'  
 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades 20  
 For ever and for ever when I move.  
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!  
 As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life  
 Were all too little, and of one to me 25  
 Little remains: but every hour is saved  
 From that eternal silence, something more,  
 A bringer of new things; and vile it were  
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,  
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire 30  
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,  
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, my own Telemachus,  
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—  
 Well loved of me, discerning to fulfil *with courage* 35  
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild  
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees  
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.  
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere  
 Of common duties, decent not to fail 40  
 In offices of tenderness, and pay  
 Meet adoration to my household gods,  
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.  
 There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:  
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners, 45  
 Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought  
 with me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took  
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;  
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil; 50  
 Death closes all: but something ere the end,  
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,  
 Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.  
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:  
 The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep 55  
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,  
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds *of the deep*  
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths 60  
 Of all the western stars, until I die.  
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:  
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho' 65  
 We are not now that strength which in old days  
 Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;  
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield. 70

LOCKSLEY HALL

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn:  
 Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,  
 Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall; 4

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,  
 And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,  
 Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West. 8

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,  
 Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

(Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime  
 With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time; 12

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed:  
 When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed:

(When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see;  
 Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be. 16

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;  
 In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;  
 In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. 20

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,  
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, 'My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me,  
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee.' 24

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a colour and a light,  
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night

And she turn'd— her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—  
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes— 28

Saying, 'I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;  
Saying, 'Dost thou love me cousin,?' weeping, 'I have loved thee long.'

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands;  
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands. 32

Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might;  
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring.  
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fulness of the Spring. 36

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,  
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!  
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore! 40

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,  
Puppét to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known me—to decline  
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine! 44

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day,  
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,  
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down 48

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,  
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they are glazed with wine.  
Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his hand in thine. 52

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought:  
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand—  
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with my hand! 56

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,  
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!  
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth! 60

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule!  
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool!

Well—'tis well that I should bluster!—Hadst thou less unworthy proved  
Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved. 64

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?  
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of years should come  
As the many-winter'd crow that leads the dangling rookery home. 68

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind?  
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perish'd: sweetly did she speak and move:  
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love. 72

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?  
No—she never loved me truly: love is love for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth the poet sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things. 76

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,  
In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,  
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall. 80

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,  
To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the 'Never, never,' whisper'd by the phantom years,  
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears; 84

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.  
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry.  
'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry. 88

Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest rival brings thee rest.  
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due.  
Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the two. 92

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,  
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

'They were dangerous guides the feelings—she herself was not exempt—  
Truly, she herself had suffered'—Perish in thy self-contempt! 96

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! wherefore should I care?  
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?  
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys. 100

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow.  
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,  
When the ranks are roll'd in vapour, and the winds are laid with sound. 104

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour feels,  
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.  
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age! 108

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,  
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,  
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field, 112

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,  
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,  
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men: 116

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:  
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,  
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be; 120

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew  
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue; 124

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,  
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd  
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world. 128

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,  
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumph'd ere my passion sweeping thro' me left me dry,  
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye; 132

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint:  
Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from point to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher,  
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire. 136

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,  
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a boy's? 140

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,  
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,  
Full of sad experience, moving towards the stillness of his rest. 144

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn,  
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moulder'd string?  
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so slight a thing. 148

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! women's pleasure, women's pain—  
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain:

Women is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine,  
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine— 152

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some retreat  
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-starr'd;—  
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward. 156

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,  
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,  
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise. 160



Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,  
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag:

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy fruited tree—  
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea. 164

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,  
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope and breathing  
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race [space 168

Iron jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they shall run.  
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun:

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,  
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books— 172

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my words are wild,  
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

*I*, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,  
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains! 176

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime?  
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,  
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon! 180

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,  
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:  
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay. 184

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life begun:  
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun.

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.  
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet. 188

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall:  
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,  
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

192

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;  
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

# SELECTIONS FOR MEMORIZATION

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PRESCRIBED FOR EXAMINATIONS FOR ENTRANCE INTO THE  
NORMAL SCHOOLS AND INTO THE FACULTIES OF EDU-  
CATION, AND FOR PASS AND HONOUR MATRICU-  
LATION, IN THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

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**Middle School Examination**, for Entrance into the Normal  
Schools and **Junior Matriculation Examination**.

COLERIDGE: *The Ancient Mariner*, ll. 354-372, "Around,  
around . . . singeth a quiet tune"; ll. 599-617, "O wedding  
guest . . . loveth all."

TENNYSON: *The Lotos Eaters*, ll. 10-27; Stanzas I, III  
of *the Choric Song*; *Ulysses*, ll. 18-32 and ll. 44-61; "Of old  
sat Freedom"; "Sweet and low"; "The splendour falls"; *The  
Charge of the Light Brigade*.

SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Cæsar*.

Act I, Sc. 1, ll. 40-60. "O you hard hearts . . . on this  
ingratitude."

Act III, Sc. 1, ll. 148-163. "O mighty Cæsar . . . spirits of  
this age."

Act III, Sc. 2, ll. 173-196. "If you have tears . . . flourished  
over us."

Act IV, Sc. 2, ll. 19-27. "Thou hast described . . . in the  
trial."

Act V, Sc. 5, ll. 68-75. "This was the noblest . . . was a  
man."

**Upper School Examination**, for Entrance into the Faculties  
of Education; and **Honour Matriculation Examination**.

COLERIDGE, TENNYSON, AND SHAKESPEARE'S *Julius Cæsar*:  
As for the Middle School Examination.

## SUGGESTIONS FOR OUTSIDE READING

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The following is a list of suggested books for outside reading for pupils preparing for Middle and Upper School Examinations:

**Fiction:** AUSTEN, *Pride and Prejudice*; BLACKMORE, *Lorna Doone*; DICKENS, *David Copperfield*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *Oliver Twist*, *A Tale of Two Cities*; ELIOT, *Mill on the Floss*, *Middlemarch*; KINGSLEY, *Westward, Ho!*; LYALL, *In the Golden Days*; LYTTON, *The Last of the Barons*, *Kenelm Chillingly*, *Last Days of Pompeii*; READE, *Never Too Late To Mend*, *The Cloister and the Hearth*; SCOTT, *Guy Mannering*, *Waverley*, *Rob Roy*, *Old Mortality*; THACKERAY, *Henry Esmond*, *Vanity Fair*.

**Poetry and the Drama:** GOLDSMITH, *The Good-Natured Man*, *She Stoops to Conquer*; LONGFELLOW, *Evangeline*; MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, (Books I and II); SCOTT, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*; SHAKESPEARE, *Henry V*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Tempest*; WHITTIER, *Snow Bound*.

**History and Biography:** GARDINER, *Friends of the Olden Time*; GIBBON, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (one Vol.); IRVING, *Life of Goldsmith*; LAUT, *Pathfinders of the West*; MACAULAY, *Essays on Clive*, *Warren Hastings*, *Milton*, *Johnson and Goldsmith*; MCCARTHY, *History of Our Own Time*; PARKMAN, *La Salle*; PRESCOTT, *Conquest of Peru*; SOUTHEY, *Life of Nelson*; THACKERAY, *The Four Georges*.

**Essays and Sketches** (including Popular Science): ADDISON, *Sir Roger de Coverley*; ALLEN, *A Kentucky Cardinal*; BURROUGHS, *Birds and Bees*, *Sharp Eyes*; CURTIS, *Prue and I*; DE QUINCEY, *Revolt of a Tartar Tribe*; GASKELL, *Cranford*; HIGH SCHOOL PROSE BOOK, PART II (The Macmillan Co.); HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*; IRVING, *The Sketch Book*; ROBERTS, *The Watchers of the Trails*, *The Kindred of the Wild*; RUSKIN, *A Crown of Wild Olive*; STEVENSON, *Travels With a Donkey*, *An Amateur Emigrant*, *Across the Plains*, *Will o' The Mill*; THOREAU, *Walden*.

# NOTES ON COLERIDGE

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## IMPORTANT EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF COLERIDGE.

1772. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, born at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire; son of Rev. John Coleridge, vicar of the parish.
1782. Entered school at Christ's Hospital, London. A school-mate of Charles Lamb.
1791. Entered Jesus College, Cambridge. Sympathized strongly with the French Revolution.
1794. Became acquainted with Southey.
1795. Married Miss Sarah Fricker, and settled at Clivedon, near Bristol.
1796. Removed to Nether Stowey.
1797. Became intimate with Wordsworth, who came to live at Alfoxden, three miles from Nether Stowey.
1798. In conjunction with Wordsworth, published *Lyrical Ballads*, which, besides other poems, included *The Ancient Mariner*. Visited Germany, in company with Wordsworth.
1800. Settled at Keswick in the Lake District.
1802. Became addicted to the use of opium, and from this time forward was separated from his family.
- 1803-1816. Irregular and unsettled life; a period of gloom.
- 1804-1806. Visited Malta and Italy.
- 1810-1811. London. Delivered a series of lectures on Shakespeare and Milton.
- 1816-1834. Lived at Highgate in care of Mr. James Gillman, a physician.
1834. Died at Highgate.

As a poet, Coleridge produced most of his best work, during the years 1797-1798, while under the influence of Wordsworth. To this period belong *The Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel*, *The Ode to France*, *Frost at Midnight*, *The Lime-tree Bower*, and other poems. From this time forward Coleridge became more deeply interested in metaphysical questions and wrote little poetry. Of his productions during this early period, *The Ancient Mariner* shows his poetical powers at their best. Unlike Wordsworth, who found the themes for his poetry in the commonplace events and objects of everyday life, Coleridge lives almost wholly in the world of the imagination; and it is in the beauty of his diction, the delicacy and suggestiveness of his imagery and the exquisite music of his verse, that the great charm of his poetry lies.

## THE ANCIENT MARINER.

**Publication.** *The Ancient Mariner* was one of the poems contributed by Coleridge to the *Lyrical Ballads*, which was published jointly by Coleridge and Wordsworth in 1798.

**Origin and Materials.** When Wordsworth and Coleridge first planned the production of a volume of *Lyrical Ballads*, it was agreed that Wordsworth should choose his subjects from Nature and everyday life, while Coleridge undertook to contribute as his share a number of poems in which "the incidents and the agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural."

*The Ancient Mariner*, Wordsworth tells us, was planned and begun during a walking tour across the Quantock Hills. The poem, according to Coleridge, was founded on a dream of his friend, Mr. Cruikshank. Some of the incidents, notably the idea of the shooting of the Albatross, were suggested by Wordsworth, and details of scenery were derived from many different sources.

**The Marginal Gloss** was not written until 1817. It adds to the quaintness of the poem, and, to quote from Walter Pater, is "a composition of quite a different shade of beauty and merit from that of the verse which it accompanies, connecting this, the chief poem of Coleridge, with his philosophy."

**The Setting of the Poem.** The story of the Wedding Guest forms a sort of framework or setting for the story of the Mariner's experiences. The story is made much more vivid by the fact that it is told by the Mariner himself, and as we watch the struggle of the Wedding Guest and see the effect which the Mariner's story has upon him, we realize more vividly than would have been otherwise possible, the terrible agony through which the Mariner has passed. The Wedding Guest is, as it were, a sort of mirror, in which we see reflected the feelings of the Mariner. And furthermore, in the story of the Wedding Guest itself, we find repeated in another form the same spiritual struggle through which the Mariner has passed. The Wedding Guest represents the worldly man in pursuit of pleasure. In meeting with the Ancient Mariner he comes into conflict with a spiritual force—a new idea or a new point of view in life—which holds him under its spell. He listens to the story of the Mariner and when it is ended, instead of going in to the wedding feast he turns away from the bridegroom's door, "a sadder and a wiser man."

**The Supernatural Element.** In his own account of the way in which the volume of *Lyrical Ballads* was planned, Coleridge tells us that his purpose in making use of the supernatural was to interest the reader in the *emotions* which were called forth by the situations in the story. Looking at the poem from this point of view, we see that the incidents of the story are of secondary importance, and we do not need to concern ourselves greatly because, judged by the standards of real life,

certain of the situations seem impossible. But in order to disarm our disbelief and to take away the effect of unreality from the poem, Coleridge has represented the events of the story as taking place somewhere in the vague past; and at the very beginning of the poem, before any supernatural agency is introduced, the reader is carried away into an unknown region, into the vast spaces of an unknown sea, where anything is possible, and where the imagination is free to range as it will.

‘We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.’

“Thenceforth we cease to have any direct relations with the verifiable. Natural laws have been suspended; standards of probability have ceased to exist. Marvel after marvel is accepted by us, as by the Wedding Guest, with the unquestioning faith of ‘a three years’ child.’”

**The Crime and its Punishment.** The crime of the Ancient Mariner consists in the killing of the Albatross; but, as we gather from the poem as a whole, this particular deed is merely the outward sign of a general lack of sympathy and hardness of heart, and it is for this hardness of heart that he is punished. The Mariner’s shipmates are also guilty, but in a different degree, for although they have not taken part in the shooting of the Albatross, they are ready to praise or blame the Mariner for his deed, for purely selfish reasons. They are punished to a less degree than the Mariner, for while they are permitted to die, he is forced to live on in physical and mental torture which is worse than death. And just as the Mariner’s crime is due to an underlying hardness of heart, so also his repentance is the outcome of a changed attitude towards nature, a new sympathy for ‘man and bird and beast.’ It is only when he blesses the water snakes that he feels the desire to pray and that he finds some relief from his physical and mental agony. Henceforward his punishment takes the form of remorse, and as a natural result of his change of heart, he is impelled to tell his story to others, and to press home upon them the moral which he himself has learned from his own bitter experience.

**The Teaching of the Poem.** “Coleridge’s intention was, it seems,” says Mr. Herbert Bates, “merely to compose a thrilling poem of the supernatural, founded on his friend’s strange dream of a ship full of dead men. The leading idea must have been the mystery of the ocean spaces where anything was possible; and the presence of those beings invisible, inhabitants of every element. And it is through these stronger motives that we hear, like a quiet flute in the turmoil of an orchestra, the tender teaching: ‘He prayeth best who loveth best.’”

**Poetic Form.** *The Ancient Mariner* is written in imitation of the mediæval ballad. The common ballad measure is employed (the quatrain, composed of alternate tetrameter and trimeter lines), and throughout the poem Coleridge has made

use of many of the forms of expression common to the older ballads. The poem, too, is written with the simplicity and directness and the rapidity of movement which were characteristic of the mediæval ballad; but since the story is told by means of the printed page instead of being sung to the music of the harp, much more attention has been paid to minuteness of detail and to the elaboration of the finer musical effects than was necessary in the case of the older ballad forms. Coleridge was, no doubt, led to make use of the ballad measure, not only because it was best suited to the vivid portrayal of the incidents of the story, but also because it helped to give the impression of remoteness which was in keeping with the character of *The Ancient Mariner* and with the general tone of the poem.

## NOTES.

## PART I.

**Rime.** Here means *poem*. The form *rhyme* is due to confusion with the word *rhythm*.

1. **ancient.** Old. Distinguish *ancient* from *old*, in ordinary use.
2. **one of three.** Note the use of the odd numbers *three*, *seven*, and *nine*, throughout the poem.
3. **glittering eye.** The glittering eye suggests intense feeling.
11. **loon.** A base fellow.
12. **Eftsoons.** At once.
13. The Mariner exercised a spiritual power over the wedding guest.
18. He cannot help hearing. He cannot choose (anything) except (to) hear.
21. **cheered.** By the crowd on shore.
23. **Below.** These objects disappeared from view on the horizon. Why are they mentioned in this order? Which would disappear first?
25. Which direction were they going?
30. **over the mast.** The Marginal Gloss says that the ship had reached "the line," that is, the equator.
32. **bassoon.** A musical instrument with a deep bass tone.
36. **minstrelsy.** The musicians. Why are they "nodding their heads"?
44. **along.** Bent down and driven along the surface by the wind.
46. **who.** One who. *Who*, as here used, is an indefinite pronoun, meaning *any one*.
- 45-9. What are the points in the comparison?
50. **aye.** Ever. Distinguish *aye* and *ay*, in meaning and pronunciation.



54. **As green as emerald.** This indicates extreme cold.
55. **clifts.** Cliffs.
56. **sheen.** Brightness.
57. **ken.** Perceive.
62. **swound.** Swoon.
63. **Albatross.** A large sea-bird found in southern latitudes. It is four feet in length and measures about fifteen feet in spread of wings.
64. **Thorough.** Through.
69. **thunder-fit.** Noise like a clap of thunder.
71. The ship has passed through the Antarctic circle, and is now sailing northward.
74. **hollo.** Call.
75. **shroud.** The shrouds are the ropes running from the masthead to the sides of the ship.
76. **vespers.** Evenings. Strictly speaking, vespers are evening prayers.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. "At the very beginning of *The Ancient Mariner*, before anything supernatural has entered into the story, the poet takes the reader into an unknown region,—mysterious wastes of ocean which have never before been traversed." Suggest a reason for this.

2. What suggestions do you find in Part I as to the time when the experiences of the mariner are supposed to have taken place?

3. According to some writers the mariner represents man's spiritual nature in struggle with the spirit of worldliness as represented by the Wedding-Guest. What is there in the appearance and actions of the Mariner that would seem to bear out this view?

4. Give in your own words the details regarding the voyage, which are contained in lines 25-28.

5. "There are four distinct stages in the Mariner's voyage, as described in Part I." Explain.

6. Point out examples of the following in Part I:

(a) Archaic words used for poetic effect; (b) personification; (c) imitative harmony,—the sound suggesting the sense.

7. (a) Why was the Albatross so welcome? (b) "The Albatross proveth a bird of good omen," (Marginal Gloss). Explain. (c) "The crime of the Ancient Mariner did not lie merely in the fact that he shot the Albatross. The shooting of the bird was an indication of a hardness of heart and lack of sympathy, and it was for this hardness of heart that he was punished." What evidence is there in Part I of the poem to justify this statement?

## PART II.

92. 'em. To them (Dative). This is not a contraction for *them*, but stands for *hem*, the old dative plural of the demonstrative pronoun *he*.
97. The sun was not dim nor red, but was bright, 'like God's own head.'
98. **uprist.** Uprose.
104. **The furrow.** In the wake of the ship. **free.** Undisturbed by storm.
- 112-3. The ship on its northward course has again reached the line. See Marginal Gloss.
114. **no bigger than the moon.** The sun looks larger when near the horizon, where there are no objects with which to compare it; but when it is high in the sky with no clouds near it, it looks small.
- 125-6. The slime on the surface was thick enough to support crawling things.
127. **reel.** Twisting out and in.  
**roul.** In confusion.
128. **death-fires.** Luminous gases given off by the slime. Lights of this sort are sometimes seen in graveyards, and they are believed by superstitious people to be a sign of death.
129. **a witch's oils.** Coloured lights were commonly used by magicians to add to the mystery surrounding their charms.
131. **assured were.** Received a revelation.
133. *Gloss.* **Josephus.** (A.D. 37-97). A Jewish historian.  
**Michael Psellus.** (1020-1110). A Greek philosopher, born in Constantinople. **Platonic.** A follower of Plato, the Greek philosopher.

## QUESTIONS.

1. What was the attitude of the Mariner's shipmates towards the shooting of the Albatross?
2. When the ship is becalmed, in what ways do the Mariner and his companions suffer?
3. In lines 115-126, what special devices does the poet use in order to make his description vivid?
4. (a) Comment on the use of the following expressions: *with legs* (l. 125); *nine fathom deep* (l. 133); *at the root* (l. 136).  
(b) What special reason is there for speaking of death-fires (l. 128), and a witch's oils (l. 129)?
5. "Instead of the Cross, the Albatross  
About my neck was hung."  
Do you think that the Albatross was literally hung about the Mariner's neck? What other meaning is it possible to give to these two lines?

## PART III.

152. **I wist.** I thought, I fancied. Past tense of the O.E. verb *witan*, to know.
155. **water-sprite.** Water-spirit.
156. **tacked.** Turned its head towards the wind.  
**veered.** Turned from the wind.
164. **Gramercy.** An exclamation expressing pleasure. A contraction of the French, *grand merci*, meaning *great thanks*.
- 165-6. At the thought of water to relieve their thirst they went through the motions of drinking.
168. **to work us weal.** To do us good. As long as the ship was tacking it appeared like an ordinary ship coming to their aid.
170. **with upright keel.** With no wind to lay the ship over.
177. **flecked.** Streaked.
184. **gossameres.** Filmy threads of cobweb woven by young spiders and found commonly floating in the air in late summer.
- 187-9. He at first sees only the woman. A moment later he fancies he sees a skeleton figure (a Death); but upon closer approach he sees that this figure is Death himself.
- 190-2. "Red lips and golden hair are certainly not in themselves repelling. It is only when we join to them *skin white as leprosy* that the picture becomes horrible,—the more horrible for the contrast." (*Bates*.)
192. **white as leprosy.** "And he went out from his presence, a leper, as white as snow." II Kings vi, 27.
193. **Night-mare.** Suggests a feeling of overpowering terror.
198. Whistling on board ship was considered a bad omen.
200. *Gloss.* **the courts of the Sun.** The tropics.
203. **sideways.** Because of their fear.
209. **clomb.** Climbed; an archaic form.  
**the eastern bar.** The eastern horizon.
- 210-1. This is an error. It is impossible for a star to appear within the tip of the moon. Why?
212. **star-dogged.** Followed by, or accompanied by, a star.
- 222-3. He felt that his crime in shooting the Albatross had brought about their death.

## QUESTIONS.

1. "The change in the Mariner's feelings, (ll. 143-8) is marked by a sudden change in the movement of the verse." Explain.

2. "The approach of the phantom-ship is so vividly described that we follow its movements with the same eager fascination

as the Mariner himself." Show how the poet develops the story of the approach of the ship.

3. "I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,  
And cried, "A sail, a sail!"

What purpose does this detail serve in the story?

4. "Heaven's Mother send us grace!" (l. 178).  
"My heart beat loud," (l. 181).

What feelings do these lines express?

5. "She (Life-in-Death) winneth the Ancient Mariner." How do you justify the fact that the Mariner's shipmates were punished by death, while the Mariner was not permitted to die?

6. In what different ways has the Mariner thus far suffered for his crime?

#### PART IV.

227. **the ribbed sea-sand.** Lines of sand left behind by the receding waves.

245. **or ever.** *Or* means "before." The expression in its original form was *or ere*, the two conjunctions *or* and *ere* being combined for the sake of emphasis. But owing to a confusion of *ere* with *e'er*, the expressions came to be written *or e'er*, or *or ever*.

254. **reek.** Literally, to give off fumes of vapour; here, to give off an unpleasant odour.

267-8. The moon-beams looked like April hoar-frost; but this was only a mockery, for the water of the ocean was sultry.

270. **charmed.** It seemed to be under a spell.

274-6. The slime on the surface of the water was phosphorescent, so that when it was disturbed it gave off light.

285. **unaware.** Without a conscious purpose; spontaneously.

288. His hardness of heart and lack of sympathy had hitherto made it impossible for him to pray. Now, when his heart is softened, prayer becomes possible.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. Why did the Wedding Guest fear that a spirit was talking to him?

2. What effect did the appearance of (a) the "slimy things," and (b) the dead men, have on the feelings of the Mariner?

3. In ll. 125-6 the Mariner says:

"Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea."

In ll. 282-3, he says:

"O happy living things, no tongue  
Their beauty might declare!"

Can you account for this apparent change of attitude?

4. "The first two stanzas of Part IV do not add anything to the story proper; and yet the poem would be less effective if these lines were omitted."

Discuss this statement.

5. Comment on the repetition in each of the following lines:

(a) Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide, wide sea!

(b) The sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky.

(c) Seven days, seven nights I saw that curse.

6. Show the appropriateness of the following words, as here used: drew (l. 241); gusht (l. 245); yet (l. 262); softly (l. 265); still (l. 270); elfish (l. 275).

7. "The Albatross fell off," (l. 290). Point out the significance of this.

#### PART V.

297. **silly**. As here used, empty, useless. The original meaning of "silly" was *happy* or *blessed*; but in the course of time it came to mean *simple*, *foolish*, *useless*.

298. **so**. Refers to *silly* in the preceding line.

302. **dank**. Damp.

306. **so light**. He was no longer oppressed by the heat. Perhaps, too, there is a suggestion that he had become emaciated.

312. **sere**. Dry, withered.

314. **fire-flags**. Flashes of light due to electricity in the air.

317. **danced**. The movement of the fire-flags made it seem as if the stars were dancing.

319. **sedge**. A general name for different kinds of broad-leaved water plants.

325. **never a jag**. The lightning was not forked.

354-7. The notes, which at first were high and rapid, became slower and more subdued.

362. **jargon**. Chattering, or singing confusedly.

382. The polar spirit having reached the equator, can go no further.

383. *Gloss*. "Here there is an inconsistency. The *Gloss*. to stanza xxv says: 'The ship sails northward, even till it reaches the Line.' Here the spirit carries the ship as far as the Line. How can he, if it be already there? Either the poet forgot the former stanza, or felt that poetic geography may take licenses."

395. **my living life**. Consciousness.

396. **discerned**. Understood what they were saying.

407. **honey-dew**. A sweet liquid exuded by plant-lice and found on the leaves of plants.

## QUESTIONS.

1. "Having brought about a change of heart in the Mariner, and having relieved his physical suffering, the poet must now bring him back safely to his own country. But in order to do so he must overcome two difficulties, one of which is physical and the other spiritual."

(a) What physical difficulty was there in the way of the Mariner's return? How did Coleridge overcome it? (ll. 327-349).

(b) What spiritual difficulty still remained, and how was the difficulty met? (See Gloss.).

2. The "roaring wind" and the electrical storm have nothing to do with the movement of the ship. What then is the object of the poet in introducing them into the story?

3. "'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,  
Which to their corpses came again."

How does the Mariner know this?

4. No wind was blowing, "yet still the sails made on a pleasant noise till noon." Account for this.

5. Account for the movements of the ship, described in lines 385-90.

6. Why is it necessary for the poet to introduce the conversation between the two spirits?

## PART VI.

423. **Or . . . or.** Either . . . or.

424-5. A vacuum is created in front of the ship and when the air from behind closes in to fill it, the ship is carried forward.

427. **belated.** Made late. The spirits are apparently on their way to some celestial rendezvous.

429. **trance.** Any state in which the bodily activities are for a time suspended.

435. **charnel-dungeon.** A vault in which dead bodies are placed while awaiting burial.

442. **this spell.** Spoken of in the previous stanza.

445. **what had else been seen.** What would have been seen (i.e., the dead bodies on the deck) if he had not looked far forth.

**else.** Otherwise.

452. ff. "As the voyage approaches its conclusion, ordinary instrumentalities appear once more. There is first the rising of the soft familiar wind, 'like a meadow gale in spring,' then the blessed vision of the lighthouse top, the hill, the kirk, all those well-known realities which gradually relieve the absorbed excitement of the listener and favour his slow return to ordinary daylight." (*Mrs. Oliphant.*)

455. **shade.** The breeze darkens the surface of the water in breaking it into ripples.
468. **harbour-bar.** The sand-bar formed at the mouth of the harbour.
- 472-9. "How pleasantly, how reassuringly, the whole nightmare story is made to end among the clear fresh sounds and lights of the bay where it began." (*Walter Pater.*)
473. **strewn.** Spread out.
475. **shadow.** Reflection.
- 481-6. The Mariner is still looking out over the water when he sees these reflections, a little distance from the prow; so he turns his eyes back upon the deck to see what is the cause of these "crimson shadows."
489. **rood.** Cross.
490. **seraph-man.** An angel of light.
494. **as signals to the land.** As signals to the people on land to send out a pilot.
497. **no voice.** No words.  
**impart.** Utter, express.
501. **cheer.** Hail, call.
502. I could not help turning my head away from the scene on the deck.
507. **blast.** Destroy.
512. **shrieve.** Shrive. To hear confession and grant absolution.

## QUESTIONS.

1. "In order to bring the Mariner back to his own country, the poet is forced to make use of agencies which do not admit of any natural explanation." Illustrate this statement from Part VI of *The Ancient Mariner*.

2. Give an account of the actions and appearance of the "troop of spirits blest" from the time they enter into the bodies of the Mariner's shipmates (l. 329) to the time when the pilot appears.

3. "A large part of the action in *The Ancient Mariner* takes place in the moonlight." Verify this statement.

4. What different emotions does the Mariner experience from the time when he comes out of his trance until he hears the Pilot and the Hermit?

5. "The silence sank like music on my heart." On what other occasions is silence mentioned in the story? Why is the silence on these different occasions accompanied by such different emotions?

6. It has been noted that each section of the poem thus far concludes with some reference to the shooting of the Albatross. Trace these references throughout the poem.

## PART VII.

524. **trou.** Think.

535. **ivy-tod.** Ivy-bush.

537. **That.** The antecedent is *wolf*.

552. After a dead body has lain in the water a week or more (usually nine days) it rises to the surface.

575. **crossed his brow.** Made the sign of the cross upon his brow, as a protection against evil spirits.

586-7. Perhaps Coleridge has in mind the story of the Wandering Jew.

**like night.** Swiftly and mysteriously.

612-3. See lines 282-8.

623. **of sense forlorn.** So that objects in the outer world do not appeal to him.

624. **sadder.** In remembering his own misspent life.

**wiser.** Knowing what he should live for in the future.

## QUESTIONS.

1. What impression does the poet wish to give us, of the character of the Hermit?

2. Why did the poet think it necessary to have the ship disappear, upon entering the harbour?

3. "The poet does not directly describe the appearance of the Mariner to show the effect of his sufferings, but he gives us an impression of the Mariner's appearance, by a method that is far more effective than any direct description." Explain.

4. "Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched  
With a woful agony."

What was the cause of his agony?

5. "Till my ghastly tale is told,  
This heart within me burns."

Why does the mariner feel that he must tell his tale?

6. "In lines 591-6, the two opposite forces which influence men's lives are brought into direct contrast." Explain.

7. According to the teaching of the Mariner, what is the great source of happiness in human life?

8. "He went like one that hath been stunned." Why?



## COMPOSITION SUBJECTS.

(FOR FIFTEEN MINUTE CLASS-EXERCISES).

1. The Ship in the Polar Region (the ice, the breeze, the albatross).
2. The Calm (the ocean, the water-snakes, the drought).
3. The Phantom Ship.
4. The Change (the Mariner's change of heart, the storm, the angelic band).
5. The Albatross (the part it plays in the story).
6. The Spirits in *The Ancient Mariner*.
7. The Sailors (the part they play in the story).
8. The Mariner's Return.
9. The Mariner (his appearance and manner of life).
10. The Wedding Guest.

# NOTES ON TENNYSON

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## IMPORTANT EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF TENNYSON.

1809. Alfred Tennyson, born at the rectory, Somersby, Lincolnshire, son of a Church of England clergyman.
1825. Entered Trinity College, Cambridge.
1830. Publication of *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*.
1832. Publication of *Poems*.
1833. Death of Arthur Hallam.
1842. Publication of *Poems*.
1847. *The Princess*.
1850. *In Memoriam*. Marriage to Emily Selwood. Appointed Poet Laureate.
1852. *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*.
1853. Removal to Farringford, near Freshwater, Isle of Wight.
1855. *Maud*.
1859. *Idylls of the King*, to which additions were made in 1870, 1872 and 1885.
1864. *Enoch Arden*.
1867. Removal to Aldworth, Surrey.
1884. Admitted to the peerage, as Baron of Aldworth and Farringford.
1892. Died at Aldworth.

The poetry of Tennyson shows in a very marked degree, perfection of form and attention to minute detail. He excels in those forms of poetry which require delicacy of touch and sensitiveness to fine musical effects. He is at his best in the Lyric and the Idyll, and especially in those themes which lend themselves to the picturesque and the ornate in style and treatment.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE: *Tennyson, His Art and Relation to Modern Life*. Stopford A. Brooke, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

*The Poetry of Tennyson*. Henry Vandyke, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

*Alfred Lord Tennyson, A Memoir by his Son*. Two volumes. Published by The Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto, Ontario.

## SONGS FROM THE PRINCESS.

*The Princess* was published in 1847, but the songs which mark the divisions between the different parts of the poem, were not added until 1850.

The introduction to *The Princess* tells of a group of young people who are spending the afternoon amid the ruins of an old abbey. While they are resting, it is proposed that the young men (seven in number) shall in turn take part in composing an impromptu story, the theme of which shall be, the higher education of women. The story is accordingly told, in seven parts, and at the close of each part,

“the women sang  
Between the rougher voices of the men,  
Like linnets in the pauses of the wind.”

The chief character in this impromptu story is the Princess Ida, who has undertaken to found a college for women, with the purpose of proving that in intellect they are the equals of men. The Prince who was betrothed to Princess Ida in childhood, comes to visit her, but finds that she will not see him. After a number of adventures, he is wounded in a battle which takes place without the college gates. He is carried in, and is nursed back to health by the Princess, who, in spite of her resolves, finally falls in love with him.

It will be noted that these songs deal for the most part with the power of human affection, and especially the influence of children upon the feelings and actions of others.

## “AS THRO’ THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT.”

1. **land.** The fields.
4. **I know not why.** Over some trifle.
- 10-4. They were reconciled because of memories of a common love and a common grief.

## “SWEET AND LOW.”

6. **the dying moon.** Setting in the west.
14. **all.** An intensive adverb which gives more force to the phrase following.

## “THE SPLENDOUR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS.”

2. **snowy summits old in story.** Snow-capped mountain peaks, famous in legend or history.
3. **the long light.** Because the sun is low in the sky.  
**shakes.** Reflected from the ripples or waves.
9. **scar.** A rough broken place on the side of a mountain.

10. **The horns of Elfland.** The sound of the echoes resembles the horns blown by the Fairies.
14. **faint.** Become faint or indistinct.
15. **Our echoes.** The results (echoes) of our actions, unlike the echoes of the bugle, never die out. Emphasize the word *Our*, to bring out the contrast.

“TEARS, IDLE TEARS.”

*Tears, Idle Tears*, occurs in Section IV of *The Princess*. As the story runs, Princess Ida and the maidens of her college have gone upon an afternoon's excursion to study the geology of the neighbourhood. On their way back they stop to rest. Then said the Princess,

‘Let some one sing to us; lightlier move  
The minutes fledged with music;’ and a maid  
Of those beside her, smote her harp, and sang.

It is a matter of common experience that there are certain moods which we always find it difficult to express in words,—finer shades of feeling, of joy, sorrow, fear, etc., for which our ordinary language seems too crude and harsh. In *Tears, Idle Tears*, Tennyson attempts to give expression to one of these moods,—the feeling of half-pleasurable sadness which comes to us when our thoughts go back to the scenes of the past. But instead of attempting to describe the mood directly, he does so, much more effectively, by a series of delicate comparisons which suggest the mingling of pleasure and pain which these memories of the past bring with them.

Tennyson is reported to have said of this poem: “It is in a way like St. Paul's ‘groanings which cannot be uttered.’ It was written at Tintern when the woods were all yellowing with autumn seen through the ruined windows. It is what I have always felt even from a boy, and what as a boy I called the ‘passion of the past.’ And it is so always with me now; it is the distance that charms me in the landscape, the picture and the past, and not the immediate to-day in which I move.” (*The Nineteenth Century*).

1. **idle.** Apparently there is no cause for them.
2. **divine despair.** *Despair* suggests that these tears come from the depths of sadness; but *divine* suggests that there is even in this despair some element that is not wholly sad. It is,

“A feeling of sadness and longing  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only,  
As the mist resembles the rain.”

3. How do these tears come? Compare the line, “Like summer tempest came her tears,” in *Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead*.

4. **the happy Autumn fields.** Even though the Autumn fields are bright with sunlight, there is in them a suggestion of death and decay, which brings with it a feeling of sadness. It is in Autumn rather than in Spring that we are likely to dwell upon the sad memories of the past.
6. **glittering.** Contrast with *reddens* (l. 8).
7. **from the underworld.** From below the horizon.
11. **strange.** The notes of the "half-awakened birds" sound unfamiliar when heard under these conditions, but they bring to the dying man a feeling of melancholy pleasure.
12. There is a touch of melancholy in "the earliest pipe" of the birds.
13. Pleasure in hearing the songs of the birds once again, is mingled with sadness because death is at hand.
14. **a glimmering square.** The form of the window gradually becomes more distinct.
19. **wild.** Expressive of the "despair" in these memories.
20. **Death in Life.** The mingling of the dead past with the living present.

"THY VOICE IS HEARD THRO' ROLLING DRUMS."

2. **beat to battle.** Call the soldiers to battle.
3. **his fancy.** His mental vision.
4. **gives the battle to his hands.** Makes him victorious in battle.
7. **like fire.** Explain the simile.

"HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD."

2. **nor . . . nor.** Neither . . . nor.
- 9-16. Would it do to interchange the first line of the third stanza with the first line of the fourth? Why not?
15. **Like summer tempest.** Explain the simile.
16. **Sweet my child.** My sweet child.

"ASK ME NO MORE."

This song is closely connected with the events of the story. Section VII, which it introduces, gives an account of the illness of the Prince, and describes the change which came over the Princess. *Ask me no more* contains in brief form a forecast of this change.

- 1-5. Notice the contrast,—“The sea may yield to the moon, the cloud may yield to the mountain or the cape, but I have not yielded to you.” What suggestion do you find in this stanza that the speaker has been urged repeatedly to yield? Is there anything in her answer that might give any encouragement to her lover?

6. **should.** *Should* expresses probability rather than obligation. The speaker in the next two lines says: "I should be likely to say 'no,' because you are wasted by illness, but there is even a stronger reason why I should say 'yes'."
8. **die.** Of disappointment in love.
9. **bid thee live.** Bring you back to health by saying 'yes.'
12. **the stream.** The power of my love for you.
13. **the main.** The boundless ocean of love.
14. **at a touch.** Without any resistance.
15. **Ask me no more.** "This expression conveys a different meaning here, from what it did at the beginning of the poem." Explain.

#### ENOCH ARDEN.

*Enoch Arden* was published in the year 1864. It is an example of what Tennyson described as an English Idyll, a treatment in idyllic fashion of a simple story relating to English life. According to Tennyson the theme of the story was given to him by the sculptor Woolner.

If the average reader were asked what parts of *Enoch Arden* appealed to him most strongly, he would probably mention those passages that are most highly descriptive,—the picture of the fishing-village, of the island on which Enoch was shipwrecked, and of the village on his return. A number of the purely narrative passages in the poem, such as the account of the children's "house-keeping," the voyage of the Good Fortune, the rescue of Enoch, his visit to Philip's garden, his revelation to Miriam Lane, and finally the fine lines describing his death, appeal to us either because of their picturesqueness, or because of their dramatic character. But in the case of much of the minor incident, it was difficult for the poet to maintain a high poetic level because of the fact that many of the details of the story are in themselves commonplace and prosaic. In the treatment of all such details Tennyson has made the attempt to clothe the homely commonplaces of his story in poetic language, as for example in the description of Enoch's life as a fisherman. But in his portrayal of the characters in the story he had a harder task. Enoch, for example, as one sees him engaged in his ordinary employment, is a rough fisherman without education, and apparently with none of the outward graces that might make him attractive as a poetic figure. But in order to make up for the absence of other qualities, Tennyson has represented Enoch as a man of fine purposes and of unusual nobility of soul. His ambitions are not for himself, but for Annie. He wishes "to give his children a better bringing-up than his had been or hers." His nature is deeply religious; and finally we have the great sacrifice of his own happiness in order that he may not destroy the happiness of others.

## ENOCH ARDEN.

4. **moulder'd.** Showing that it is old.
6. **down.** A bare sandy hill.
7. **Danish barrows.** Mounds in which the Danes buried their dead.
16. **lumber.** Things that are thrown aside because they are clumsy and useless.
18. **fluke.** The wing of the anchor. The part forming the hook that fastens in the ground.
36. Note how this promise is carried out in later life.
38. **the new warmth of life's ascending sun.** The stronger emotions of youth.
62. **people.** Nominative absolute.
63. **great and small.** Old and young.
- 67-8. The wood itself was in the hollow, but along the steep sides of the 'cup' there was light shrubbery.
- 93-100. This is the poet's way of telling us that Enoch sold fish, both in the market-place and in the surrounding country.
94. **osiers.** Willow twigs used in making baskets.
98. **portal-warding lion whelp.** Guarding the entrance to the Hall was the figure of a lion carved in stone.
99. **peacock-yew tree.** The yew tree (an evergreen) was clipped so as to resemble a peacock in shape.
100. Enoch supplied fish for use on Friday.
110. **Another hand.** Some one else engaged in the same business of selling fish.
123. **boatswain.** An officer in charge of the ship's boats, sails, etc.
- 128-31. Sometimes a little cloud passing over the sun throws the vessel and the ocean near by into shadow, but in the distance (the offing) you see a bright spot on the water where the sun is still shining. So to Enoch the misfortunes (mischance) that had befallen him were like the passing shadow only, and his bright hopes for the future were like the bright spot (or island) of light in the distance.
154. **Appraised.** Judged.
175. **raising.** Being raised.
- shrill'd and rang.** What is the subject? Analyse this sentence.
184. **Save as his Annie's.** The fact that she had fears was a matter of concern to him, but he laughed at the fears themselves.
186. **that mystery.** Prayer in which the divine element in man goes out to meet the human element in God.

196. **Nay.** He saw that Annie did not like him to speak disparagingly of the child.
248. **chime.** Agree.
266. **who best could tell.** The physician.
329. **garth.** Garden.
340. **conies.** Rabbits.
342. **to save the offence of charitable.** So that he might not hurt her feelings by appearing to give these things for the sake of charity.
352. **his passive ear.** He was ready to listen to all they had to say.
379. **the whitening hazels.** As they bent back the boughs of the hazels the white underside of the leaves appeared.
382. **tawny.** Yellowish-brown in colour.
441. **the dead flame of the fallen day.** The afterglow, which is dead and dull compared with the bright sunlight.
473. Vext that their calculations as to when Philip and Annie would be married had proved wrong.
- 492-3. She had prayed for a sign, and in the darkness of the night the expectation that her prayer would be answered filled her with terror.
498. **"under a palm-tree."** See Judges iv, 5.
- 505-6. See Mark xi, 8-10.
510. **So.** If.
529. **The Biscay.** The Bay of Biscay.
531. **The Summer of the world.** The Tropics.
530. **the Cape.** The Cape of Good Hope.
536. **the golden isles.** The East Indies.
539. **Quaint monsters.** Things of an odd, unnatural shape.
542. **sea-circle.** Of which the horizon was the circumference.
543. **full-busted figure-head.** A carved bust or figure at the prow of the vessel.
548. **hard upon.** Close after.
569. **Fire-hollowing.** Making it hollow by burning out the centre.
570. **'wait.'** Do not try to escape.
572. **lawns.** Clear spaces, covered with grass.
573. **glades.** Narrow openings in the woods.
575. **convolvulus.** Bindweed. A plant with bell-shaped flowers.
579. **the broad belt.** The Tropics; the torrid zone.
580. **had seen.** Would have seen. Subjunctive.
586. **zenith.** The point in the heavens directly overhead.
- 594-6. Why the repetition?



597. **globed.** The stars were so large and brilliant that they looked like globes.
- 602-5. Either images of his past life came to him, or else his spirit returned to the old scenes while he remained on the isle.
602. A mental picture in which many different figures and scenes appeared.
605. **the line.** The Equator.
610. **dewy-glooming downs.** The hills in twilight, with the dew on the grass.
617. **beauteous hateful.** Two opposite ideas. This figure is known as oxymoron.
632. **a break.** A hollow, a gorge.
633. **silent.** Why?
640. **inarticulate rage.** Showing strong feeling, though he could not express himself in actual words.
652. **his isolation.** His solitary life.
653. **county.** Tennyson changed this to "country" in a later edition.
661. **her ghostly wall.** The white cliffs.
670. **either chasm.** The chasms at both the villages.
675. **holt.** Woodland.  
**tilth.** Cultivated ground.
692. **timber-croft antiquity.** An old house, with the timbers or beams showing on the outside.
700. **garrulous.** Talkative.
711. **well had deemed.** Might easily have thought.
737. **shingle.** Gravel.
793. **tranced.** In a trance,—a state in which the bodily activities are for the time suspended.
797. **burthen.** Chorus.
801. **a living source within the will.** His living spirit which kept alive his resolve.
804. **Kept him a living soul.** Gave him the desire to live and kept him from despair.
829. **skirts.** Fringes or edges of the rain clouds, which rise as the squall passes off.
903. **voluble.** Fluent, wordy.
910. **calling of the sea.** "The calling of the sea is a term used, I believe, chiefly in the western parts of England, to signify a ground-swell. When this occurs on a windless night the echo of it rings through the timbers of the old houses in a haven." (*Tennyson*).  
A ground-swell is a broad, deep swell caused by a long-continued gale, and felt even a long distance off, for some days after the storm has ceased.

“OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS.”

- 1-4. In the early ages, when men were mere barbarians, Freedom existed only in the world of Nature, and did not enter into human affairs.
6. She was self-restrained because of her ‘prophet-mind.’ She foresaw the future and knew that in time she would “mingle with the human race.”
- 7-12. The first ideas of freedom did not come to mankind all at once, but little by little, at intervals; at first vaguely (ll. 7-8), but afterwards more clearly (ll. 9-12).
9. **town and field.** To which does Freedom come first,—the town or the country?
13. It is only when people are free that “majestic works” can be produced. For example, the great masterpieces of Greek art were produced during the period of democracy.
14. **isle-altar.** Britain, which is sacred to Freedom; she has her “altar” there.
15. Britain is mistress of the seas and Britannia is generally represented as grasping the trident (triple forks).  
**God-like.** Neptune, the god of the sea, was always represented as carrying a trident.
16. **King-like.** Although Britain is ruled by a king, British institutions are free.
- 17-8. A free people are not only eager to acquire more knowledge, but are ready to make use of past experience.
22. **light.** May be either an infinitive or an adjective.
- 23-4. Where freedom exists to the fullest degree, as in Britain, people are less likely to go to extremes.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Tennyson, we are told in his Memoirs, “wrote *The Charge of the Light Brigade* on December 2, 1854, in a few minutes after reading the description in the *Times*, in which occurred the phrase, ‘someone had blundered,’ and this was the origin of the metre of the poem.” It was published in the *London Examiner* of December 9th. During the next year it was re-printed, with the addition of the following note:

“Having heard that the brave soldiers before Sebastopol, whom I am proud to call my countrymen, have a liking for my ballad on the ‘Charge of the Light Brigade,’ I have ordered a thousand copies to be printed for them. No writing of mine can add to the glory they have acquired in the Crimea; but if what I have heard be true, they will not be displeased to receive these copies of the ballad from me, and to know that those who sit at home love and honour them.

“ALFRED TENNYSON.

“8th August, 1855.”

The famous Charge which the poem commemorates, took place at Balaklava, on October 25, 1854, during the first stages of the Crimean War. In *A History of Our Own Times*, Justin McCarthy gives the following brief outline of this "glorious blunder":

"Owing to some fatal misconception of the meaning of an order from the Commander-in-chief, the Light Brigade, 607 men in all, charged what has been rightly described as 'the Russian Army in position.' Of the 607 men, 198 came back. Long, painful and hopeless were the disputes about this fatal order. The controversy can never be wholly settled. The officer who bore the order was one of the first who fell in the outset. All Europe, all the world, rang with wonder and admiration of the futile and splendid charge. The Poet-Laureate sang of it in spirited verses. Perhaps its best epitaph was contained in the celebrated comment ascribed to the French General, Bosquet, and which has since become proverbial, and been quoted until men are well nigh tired of it,—'It was magnificent, but it was not war.'"

1. **Half a league.** The actual distance was more than a mile.
34. **Cossack.** The Cossacks are a mixed race inhabiting Southern and Eastern Russia. Many of the best cavalry regiments in the Russian army are composed of Cossacks.

#### ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The Ode was published on the morning of November 18th, 1852, the day of the Duke's funeral. The plan of the poem is simple. It gives an account of the funeral in its different stages, with digressions from time to time to describe the character of the Duke.

**Biographical Note.** The Duke of Wellington was born in 1769. He was educated at Eton, and at the age of eighteen he entered the army. He served successfully in the Netherlands, in India and in Spain during the Peninsular War; and in 1815 he won the great victory of Waterloo. From 1827-1830 he was Prime Minister, but for a time he became very unpopular owing to his opposition to the Reform Bill. In 1834-1835 he was Foreign Secretary, and from 1841-1846 he was again a member of the Cabinet. In 1848 he urged greater attention to the coast defences of England (see ll. 172-8). He died in 1852, at Walmer Castle, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

**Ode.** See the chapter on Poetic Form.

6. The pall-bearers are soldiers.  
**pall.** Literally, the black cloth with which a coffin is draped; here, the coffin itself.
7. **hamlet and hall.** The homes of the peasant and the noble.

9. The Duke was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, which is situated in the busiest part of London.
14. As befits a sorrow which is common to all.
23. **state-oracle.** One who gave wise advice on matters pertaining to the state.
24. **long-enduring blood.** Probably this refers to his qualities of mind rather than to his physical strength.
25. **statesman-warrior.** Wellington was a statesman as well as a soldier. See Biographical Note.
26. **Whole in himself.** Having a fully rounded character.  
**a common good.** A blessing to people of all classes.
32. **saving common-sense.** Common sense which saved him in times of difficulty.
36. In judging what was likely to happen in the future, people were guided by the opinions of the Duke.
37. **to true occasion true.** Ready to meet difficulties and dangers when a real need arose.
39. **four-square.** Firm, not easily moved.
42. **World-victor's victor.** The conqueror of Napoleon.
49. **the cross of gold.** The cross upon the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.
56. **its blazon'd deeds.** The record of the great deeds of the Duke, displayed in bright letters.
59. **a deeper knell.** Feelings of sorrow that mean more than the mere outward tolling of the bell.
74. **of well-attempered frame.** This explains the preceding line. His qualities were such that he was not affected by either praise or dispraise.
75. **civic muse.** The poet or the historian who deals with public affairs.
78. **a broad approach of fame.** The Duke's great name is compared to a castle or a palace which is approached by broad highway (his fame)—and by avenues which echo with song (the praise of the poets).
- 80-2. Nelson, who is buried in St. Paul's, is represented as speaking.
99. **Assaye.** A village in Hindostan where, in 1803, Wellington (then Arthur Wellesley) with a force of five thousand men defeated the Mahrattas, who numbered about forty thousand.
104. **the treble works.** The lines of Torres Vedras, behind which Wellington "stood at bay" during the winter of 1810-11.
- 112-3. In 1813, after the battle of Vittoria, the French army retreated across the Pyrenees.

112. **eagles.** The eagle, the standard of the Romans, was adopted by Napoleon.
119. **Again.** After the escape of Napoleon from Elba.  
**ravening.** Eager for plunder.
122. **Duty's iron crown.** The simple reward which comes from the consciousness of having done one's duty.
123. **that loud Sabbath.** The battle of Waterloo was fought on a Sunday (June 18, 1815).
124. **onsets of despair.** Despairing attacks made by the enemy.
- 125-6. Note the fine metaphor.
129. "As they (the British and the Prussians) joyously sprang forward against the discomfited masses of the French, the setting sun broke through the clouds, and glittered on the bayonets of the allies." (*Creasy*).
135. **craven guile.** Cowardly deceit.
136. **silver-coasted.** In reference to the chalk cliffs on the southern coast or England.
137. **The Baltic and the Nile.** The battle of the Baltic was fought near Copenhagen, in 1801. The battle of the Nile was fought in Aboukir Bay, Egypt, in 1798.
145. The real test of a man's fame lies in the fact that the people as a whole unite in doing him honour, and that succeeding generations echo his praises.
- 152-3. Tennyson here refers to the numerous uprisings and revolutions which had taken place on the Continent during the first half of the century.
153. **brainless mobs and lawless powers.** The unreasoning violence of the lower classes, on the one hand, and the tyranny of the upper classes, on the other.
156. **a voice.** The nation speaks through its Parliament.
- 160-1. **the eye, the soul of Europe.** Tennyson believes that Britain sees more clearly than other nations the dangers that threaten Europe, and that she stands for what is highest and best in the life of Europe.
- 162-3. According to Tennyson, Britain is the one country in Europe in which, although ruled by a king, the people are free.
164. **sober freedom.** Not vaunting or showy.
- 164-5. It is because this freedom exists, that the people are passionately loyal and their rulers do not attempt to go to extremes.
168. Note the metaphor. The world must be drilled, and order must be established before ideas can make progress.
170. **wink.** Half-asleep.  
**overtrust.** False security.

175. **whatever tempests lour.** Whatever disturbances threaten.
- 176-7. **broke in thunder.** If actual war broke out.
178. **the Man.** Why is Man written with a capital?
- 179-80. Who never spoke what was false for the sake of some immediate gain, and who never did wrong for the sake of gaining greater power.
181. **turbid.** Impure.
182. **either babbling world.** Either the upper or the lower classes.
183. **rife.** Filled with, abounding in.
184. **rugged maxims.** "Certain of Wellington's sayings, such as, 'a great country ought never to make little wars,' have passed into aphorisms." (*Rowe and Webb*).
186. Note the metaphor.  
**eighty winters.** The whole of his long life.  
**great self-seekers.** People in high places who are in a position to do wrong for the sake of gain.
188. **our England's Alfred.** Alfred the Great.
190. **leap to light.** Suddenly become known.
194. All the nations in Europe, except Austria, were represented at his funeral.
196. **stars.** Marks of honour.
197. Fortune is represented as carrying a cornucopia—a "horn of plenty."
- 206-8. The pleasure that comes from the performance of a difficult task is greater than that which comes from a life of ease.  
**voluptuous.** Giving pleasure to the senses.
- 211-7. He who persists in doing his duty, however difficult and dangerous, shall at length attain to a life of brightness and peace, with the consciousness that his work has met with the approval of God Himself.
229. **fame.** Object of *proclaim*.
236. **For one.** On account of one; for the loss of one.
242. **More than is of man's degree.** Higher spiritual beings.
- 248-50. The wise man in a solemn temple such as this, is filled with humility, feeling how weak and insignificant he is, and he does not indulge in memories of noisy scenes.
- 252-3. Note the metaphor. This is a figurative way of saying that music appeals to the spiritual and eternal in man's nature.
259. **the Giant Ages.** In Greek mythology the Giants, who fought against Zeus, were buried beneath the hills, and in their struggle to free themselves they 'heave the hill

and break the shore.' As we interpret the myth in modern times, the long ages of time are the Giants who 'work their will' upon the hill and the shore.

267-70. "As the organ peals ceased and the mighty multitude separated, the whole world felt not only that an epoch had visibly ended, but that a great captain and a supremely dutiful honest man, leaving behind him a stainless record, had gone from among them." (*Hooper*).

274. **Being here.** When he was here. *Being* is a participle.

275. **State.** Since Wellington was a soldier and statesman engaged in the affairs of the nation, Tennyson thinks of him as engaged in similar activities in the next life.

### THE LOTOS-EATERS.

First published in the Edition of 1832.

The poem relates to one of the adventures of Ulysses, of which an account is given in Homer's *Odyssey*, Book IX. After the fall of Troy, Ulysses set sail for his home in Ithaca. But owing to the anger of Neptune, whom he had offended, his vessels were storm-tost and driven out of their course. At length he reached the Libyan (African) shore, where he met with the Lotos-eaters. "On the tenth day," runs the story, "we set foot on the land of the lotos-eaters, who eat a flowery food. So we stepped ashore and drew water, and straightway my company took their midday meal by the swift ships. Now, when we had tasted meat and drink, I sent forth certain of my company to go and make search what manner of men they were who here live upon the earth by bread, and I chose out two of my fellows, and sent a third with them as herald. Then straightway they went and mixed with the men of the lotos-eaters, and so it was that the lotos-eaters devised not death for our fellows, but gave them of the lotos to taste. Now, whosoever of them did eat the honey-sweet fruit of the lotos, had no more wish to bring tidings, nor to come back, but there he chose to abide with the lotos-eating men, ever feeding on the lotos, and forgetful of his homeward way. Therefore I led them back to the ships weeping, and sore against their will, and dragged them beneath the benches, and bound them to the hollow barques. But I commanded the rest of my well-loved company to make speed and go on board the swift ships, lest haply any should eat of the lotos and be forgetful of returning. Right soon they embarked and sat upon the benches, and sitting orderly, they smote the grey sea water with their oars." (*Butcher and Lang's Translation*).

In Tennyson's poem, *The Lotos-eaters*, which is based upon this passage from Homer, he attempts, first of all, to give us an ideal picture of the life of dreamy, languorous repose which was led by those who came under the charm of the lotos; and as a fitting background or setting for this languorous mood he

paints a landscape, in which the streams, the trees and flowers, and even the sunlight itself, have come under its dreamy spell. But beautiful as this description is, the modern reader would find the poem lacking in human interest if it were not for the fact that through and through the poem there runs the suggestion that the experience of Ulysses and his sailors is, in another sense, the experience of men and women in modern life. The reasons which the lotos-eaters give to justify their life of care-free idleness are the same reasons which are given by men and women of the present day. Tennyson, of course, does not attempt to answer these reasons; he merely gives us the negative picture to which the inspiring message of *Ulysses* forms the positive counterpart.

**The Spenserian Stanza** (see chapter on *Poetic Form*), in which the introduction to *The Lotos-eaters* is written, consists of nine lines. The first eight lines are iambic pentameter, and the ninth is iambic hexameter. The iambic hexameter line is sometimes called an *Alexandrine*, from the fact that a long poem known as the *Alexandriad*, in praise of Alexander the Great, was written in this measure. The Spenserian stanza has a definite rhyme scheme, as follows, *a b a b b c b c c*. The use of this rhyme scheme, together with the long ninth line, produces a slow and somewhat languorous movement, which makes the stanza form especially suitable for certain kinds of descriptive or reflective verse. The use of the stanza here is admirably suited to the description of the Lotos-Land.

**Lotos.** A prickly shrub, yielding a pulpy fruit about the size of a plum.

1. **'Courage'.** The speaker is Ulysses.
  8. **like a downward smoke.** Show the aptness of the comparison.
  11. **Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn.** Veils is in apposition with *some* (l. 10).  
**lawn.** Linen.
  18. **up-clomb.** Why not *uprose*?  
**woven copse.** Tangled with undergrowth.
  19. **charmed.** As if it too were under a spell, or perhaps, as if charmed by the beauty of the scene.
  21. **yellow down.** The hills covered with the yellow flowers of the lotos.
  23. **set with.** Dotted with.  
**galingale.** A sedge, or broad-leaved water-plant.
  34. **thin.** In classical poetry the voices of the dead are spoken of as *thin*.
  38. **the sun and moon.** The setting sun, the rising moon.
  44. **our island home.** Ithaca.
- Choric song.** A song chanted in chorus.



49. **gleaming.** The waters reflecting the light.
56. **the poppy.** A plant from the juice of which opium is procured.
66. **balm.** Sleep is spoken of as a balm which soothes the cares of the mind.
67. **the inner spirit.** The voice of our own hearts.
84. Why are the skies here spoken of as *hateful*, while in line 52 they are spoken of as *blissful*?
92. **Portions and parcels.** *Parcels* (literally, *little parts*) indicates something smaller and more definite than *portions*.
102. **amber.** Of a pale yellowish colour.
106. **crisping.** With curling edges.
120. **the island princes.** During the long absence of Ulysses the 'island princes' sued for the hand of Penelope, the wife of Ulysses.
132. **the pilot stars.** The stars which guided them on their course.
133. **amaranth and moly.** Fabulous plants mentioned in classical literature.
136. **holy.** With subdued light.
139. **dewy echoes.** Referring to the soft sounds of the echoes, or perhaps to the echoes of the waterfalls with their "slumbrous sheets of foam."
142. **woven acanthus-wreath.** The entangled leaves of the acanthus plant.
- divine.** Because so beautiful.
151. **starboard.** The starboard is the right side of the ship, as distinguished from the larboard or port side.
152. **wallowing monster.** The whale, floundering or rolling about in the sea.
153. **an equal mind.** A calm, serene mind.
154. **hollow.** Forming a valley.
156. **nectar.** The wine of the gods.
167. **little dues.** Small returns for their toil.
168. **they.** That is, the "ill-used race of men."
169. **Elysian.** Elysium was the abode of the blessed after death.
170. **asphodel.** The daffodil, or narcissus.

## ANALYSIS OF "THE LOTOS-EATERS."

The reasons which the companions of Ulysses give for wishing to remain in the Lotos-Land are contained in the Choric Song. The Choric Song, as a whole, consists of a series of pictures, in which the life of struggle and suffering in the outside world is contrasted, in alternate stanzas, with the ease and

contentment of the Lotos-Land. The real arguments of the lotos-eaters are given in Sections II, IV, VI, and VIII.

In Section II the plea is put forward that man should not suffer and toil, since other living creatures do not have to struggle (l. 60). Why should he not rather listen to the voice of his own inner self, which tells him that the highest happiness is found in a life of peace? (ll. 67-8). This is, of course, a false argument, and the answer is obvious. There is no form of life but has its own struggle, and even "the full-juiced apple," to use the illustration of the poem, must labour to draw its food from the soil. Neither is it true that "the inner spirit sings," "There is no joy but calm." The inner spirit of man, as often as he listens to it, proclaims, "There is no joy but in labour for others."

In Section IV a second reason is put forward,—an old reason this time. What is the use, they say; Death ends everything (l. 86); our labour has no result (l. 91), and there is no pleasure in struggling against evil (ll. 94-5). Here again the argument is false; for even if death were the end of life, there are still the best of reasons why we should put forth even stronger efforts to make the most of life; and whatever else may be true, we are at least so created that we get the highest form of pleasure out of the struggle.

Section VI contains the argument which appeals most strongly to men of the type who are easily discouraged, or who wish for an excuse for doing nothing. What is the use, they argue; the fates are against us (l. 126); we could not accomplish anything (l. 127), and we should only have our labour for nothing (ll. 128-32). But to the brave man who is not under the influence of the lotos, this argument does not hold, for it is always a worthy task, "to settle order once again," and if men in general were to listen to this reasoning, the world would soon move backward rather than forward.

Section VIII contains the final argument. The gods themselves are "careless of mankind" (l. 155), and in spite of men's prayers they pay no heed to human suffering (ll. 158-64). When we die, no matter how we may have laboured in this life (ll. 165-7), the future with its rewards and punishments is all a matter of chance (ll. 168-70). Why then should we continue to labour or concern ourselves with the sufferings of others (l. 150, ll. 171-2)? To man and women who hold such an opinion there is perhaps no better answer than that which Ruskin has addressed to them in his *Crown of Wild Olive*. "The fate which you ordain for the wretched," so runs his appeal, "you believe to be all their inheritance. You may crush them before the moth and they will never rise to rebuke you. . . . They and you, as you think, shall lie down together in the dust and the worms cover you; and for them there shall be no consolation and on you no vengeance. Is it, therefore, easier for you in your heart to inflict the sorrow for which there is no remedy?"

Will you take wantonly this little all of his life from your poor brother, and make his brief hours long to him with pain? Will you be readier to use injustice which can never be redressed, and niggardly of the mercy which you can bestow but once and which, refusing, you refuse forever? I think better of you, even of the most selfish, than that you would do this, well understood. . . . Free-heartedness and graciousness and undisturbed trust, and requited love and the sight of the peace of others and the ministry to their pain,—these and the blue sky above you and the sweet waters and flowers of the earth beneath; and mysteries and presences innumerable, of living things, these may yet be here your riches; untormenting and divine; serviceable for the life that now is, nor, it may be, without promise of that which is to come."

### ULYSSES.

First published in 1842. Ulysses (Odysseus) was one of the most famous of the Greek heroes who fought against Troy. After the fall of Troy he set sail for his home (the island of Ithaca), but owing to the anger of Poseidon (Neptune) he suffered long delays and met with many misfortunes. As represented in Tennyson's poem, he is now an old man, but he is stirred with the same restless spirit of adventure, and the same longing for action, as in early youth. Tennyson found the suggestion for the poem in a passage in Dante's *Inferno*, in which Ulysses is represented as speaking, and which reads as follows:

"Neither fondness for my son, nor reverence for my aged sire, nor the due love which ought to have gladdened Penelope, could conquer in me the ardour which I had to become experienced in the world. I put out into the deep open sea with but one ship, and with that small company which had not deserted me. . . . I and my companions were old and tardy when we came to that narrow pass where Hercules assigned his landmarks (i.e., the Strait of Gibraltar). 'O brothers,' I said, 'who through a hundred thousand dangers have reached the West, deny not this to the brief vigil of your senses that remain—experience of the unpeopled world beyond the sun. Consider your origin; ye were not formed like the brutes, but to follow virtue and knowledge.' . . . Night already saw the pole with all its stars, and ours so low that it rose not from the ocean floor." (Trans. *Collins*).

The spirit of this passage, with its passionate ardour for knowledge and adventure, belongs to the present day rather than to ancient times, and is in keeping with the spirit of Tennyson himself. In the *Memoir* he is quoted as saying of this poem: "Ulysses was written soon after Hallam's death, and gave my feeling about the need of going forward, and braving the struggle of life, perhaps more simply than anything in *In Memoriam*."

2. **barren crags.** The rocky island of Ithaca, near the Gulf of Corinth.
3. **an aged wife.** Penelope.
4. **unequal laws.** Since the people were "a savage race," they could not be governed by laws which should apply equally to all. It was necessary to measure out (mete) justice and deal it out (dole) carefully and patiently to a savage people.
5. **know not me.** Know nothing of my spirit and purposes.
7. **lees.** Dregs.
10. **through scudding drifts.** The low rain-clouds driven before the wind.  
**the rainy Hyades.** A group of five stars, near the constellation of Taurus, whose rising and setting were supposed to be attended with rain.
11. **Vext.** With rain storms.  
**a name.** Famous.
14. **manners.** Customs.
17. **the ringing plains.** Ringing with the clang of armour.
18. I have gained experience from all that I have met.
- 19-21. Just as through the arch we are able to see some part of the world beyond, so through (by means of) experience we are able to see that there is still more to learn.  
**whose margin fades.** The boundary line of knowledge continually extends. "The more we learn the more we see there is to learn."
25. **one.** One life.
- 26-8. **every hour is saved, etc.;** every hour is something more; every hour is a bringer of new things.
30. **And this gray spirit yearning.** While the gray spirit yearns.
35. **discerning.** With insight.
40. **decent.** Doing what is becoming.
43. **He works his work, I mine.** A suggestion that both types of men are needed, the patient, careful workman who does not rise above the "common duties," and the eager restless spirit searching after higher truth.
45. Why does Tennyson represent Ulysses as setting out as night is coming on?  
**my mariners.** According to the Odyssey, Ulysses was the only survivor to return to Ithaca.
53. **strove with Gods.** Ulysses had incurred the anger of both Poseidon (Neptune) and Zeus (Jupiter).

- 60-1. A reference to the belief that the sun and the stars sank into the sea, to rise again new-bathed and refreshed, for their journey through the heavens.
62. **the gulfs.** According to ancient belief the waters of the ocean on its western verge plunged into a vast abyss.
63. **the Happy Isles.** The "Islands of the Blest," which lay in the western ocean, the abode of heroes after death.
64. **Achilles.** The greatest of the Greek heroes who took part in the Trojan war.
68. **equal.** All equally heroic.

## LOCKSLEY HALL.

"Locksley Hall is an imaginary place, and the hero is imaginary. The whole poem represents young life, its good side, its deficiencies, and its yearnings." (*Tennyson*).

3. **curlew.** A species of snipe.
4. **Dreary gleams.** In the nominative absolute. It is a dull day, with dreary gleams of light from between the broken clouds, flying over the moorland and Hall.
6. **the hollow ocean-ridges.** The waves rolling in over the shallows.
8. **Orion.** A constellation which takes the form of a giant with a sword.
9. **Pleiads.** A group of brilliant stars in the constellation Taurus.
10. **a silver braid.** The less brilliant stars which formed a background for the brighter Pleiads.
12. **sublime.** Full of lofty fancies.
13. **the fairy tales of science.** The truths which science had revealed were so wonderful that they seemed almost like fairy tales.
- the long result of time.** Science claimed that the earth in its present form was the result of evolution through long ages of time.
13. **like a fruitful land.** Past centuries had been filled with wonderful achievements.
14. **closed.** Inclosed, contained.
16. **Vision.** The use of the capital shows that this is no ordinary vision.
18. **wanton lapwing.** The lapwing, or peewit, is a European bird, about the size of a pigeon, and distinguished by a conspicuous crest. Tennyson speaks of it as *wanton*, probably because of the artifices which it uses to distract attention from its nest.

19. **a livelier iris.** The feathers of the dove when seen in certain lights show the colours of the rainbow (iris). These colours are brighter (livelier) in the spring.
24. **sets to thee.** Flows towards you. Note the metaphor.
26. **the northern night.** The Aurora Borealis; the Northern Lights.
28. **the spirit deeply dawning.** Her deeper feelings gradually revealing themselves.
29. **fearing they should do me wrong.** Fearing that she would appear immodest if she showed that she was in love.
30. **weeping.** Overcome with joyful emotion.
31. **the glass of Time.** Time is spoken of as an hour-glass; the sand running from the upper to the lower half, marks the passage of time.
- his glowing hands.** A suggestion of the warmth and brightness of love.
34. The metaphor is not well sustained; a chord of music does not pass *out of sight*. He means, of course, that their love made them forgetful of self. Sometimes people become less selfish through suffering, but in this case their forgetfulness of self was happy and beautiful; it passed *in music* out of sight.
36. Spring makes the blood beat faster and fills us with new life. The sound of her voice affected him in a similar way.
41. **Falsè than all fancy fathoms.** It is impossible for the fancy to fathom the depths of her falseness.
42. **Puppet.** A mere doll, with no mind of her own, whose actions are controlled altogether by the will of another.
- servile to a shrewish tongue.** Cringing before the sharp tongue of her mother.
- 43-4. Note his egotism.
- a narrower heart.** Incapable of the same breadth of feeling.
46. **clay.** The coarse worldly nature of her husband.
- 51-6. Note the bitter irony of these lines.
55. The speaker says ironically: "You might suppose that with his profound intellect your husband's answers will be too deep for you to understand; but he will meet your 'lighter thought' with replies that are easy to understand." There is a sneer in the last half of the line.
- to the purpose.** His answer will be *suited to* your finer fancies.
57. **the heart's disgrace.** Amy is not disgraced before the world; but her own feelings tell her that she has done wrong.

59. **the social wants.** The necessity of marrying for the sake of social rank and standing.  
**against the strength of youth.** Preventing young people from living the strongest and best lives.
60. **the social lies, etc.** Society puts a false value on certain things, and prevents us from seeing what is really worth while in life.
61. **the sickly forms.** The unhealthy artificiality of society.
62. Even though he is a fool, if a man has money people do not notice his narrow (straitened) forehead, i.e., his lack of intelligence.
63. **Well.** How did he intend to finish this sentence?  
**'tis well, etc.** It is a relief to his feelings.
64. **had loved.** Would have loved.
65. **that which bears but bitter fruit.** His love for Amy, which has ended only in bitter words.
67. **Never.** He can never "pluck it from his bosom."
68. **the clanging rookery.** The noisy flock of crows.
69. **in division, etc.** In remembering only what is best in his past, and forgetting everything else.
73. **her as dead.** Can I think of Amy as dead and remember only her love for me.
- 75-6. In lines 70-4 he speaks of getting comfort from remembering his happier associations with Amy; but he sees that these memories will only increase his sadness.
75. **the poet.** Dante, in the *Inferno*.
76. **crown of sorrow.** The greatest sorrow of all comes from the comparison of our past happiness with our present unhappiness.
77. **Drug thy memories.** Put your memory to sleep.  
**learn it.** Learn the truth of this (l. 76).  
**lest thy heart be put to proof.** Lest your feelings be put to the test.
81. A figurative way of saying that she cannot help seeing these things.
82. **widowed.** With a husband who is not a suitable companion.
83. As she looks into the future she sees that she can never find the happiness that she has lost.
84. **a song from out the distance.** The memory of happiness in the past.
85. **an eye.** The face of her former lover (the speaker).
87. **a tender voice.** The voice of her own child.
92. Note the irony.

93. **formal.** Conforming to the petty requirements of society.  
**thy petty part.** Doing the petty things that society demands.
94. **preaching down a daughter's heart.** Persuading her own daughter to stifle her feelings, and marry for social reasons.
97. **Overlive it.** Live on until you have forgotten this experience of your love for me.
98. **wither.** Become mean and narrow in my view of life.
99. What occupation can I engage in, since I have been born in (lighted upon) times like the present?
100. Money is required, to enter any line of work.
101. **Every gate, etc.** There are many people seeking positions wherever an opening occurs.  
**all the markets overflow.** There are too many people offering themselves for every position.
102. I have no money,—only my bitter thoughts.
103. **had been.** Would have been.
104. **vapour.** Smoke of battle.  
**the winds are laid with sound.** The winds cannot be heard for the roar of battle.
105. When one nation wrongs another, they compensate for the result by the payment of money.
107. Can I only live over my sad experience?  
**that earlier page.** See lines 10-16. He will study science and history and learn what they have to tell him of the early ages of the world.
108. **Mother-age.** The early age of the world's history, which gave birth to the present.
109. **the strife.** Before beginning real life with its struggles and disappointments.
117. **reaping.** As the result of past effort.
118. **earnest.** Pledge, foretaste.
121. **Argosies.** Rich merchant vessels.  
**magic.** Because sailing through the air.
122. **Pilots.** Sailors of the air dropping down with their merchandise in the evening.
123. **A ghastly dew.** A drizzle of blood.
125. The line of battle is extended far along the heavens, where the whisper of the south wind is heard.  
**whisper.** Through the sails of the airships, or perhaps heard from the earth below.
126. **the thunderstorm.** The battle,—or perhaps a passing storm.



128. **the Parliament of Man.** The Hague Convention is, as yet, the nearest approach to such a Parliament.
129. **most.** Most nations.
130. **kindly.** Either full of kindness and good will, or in the older sense of *productive*.
- lapt.** Kept at peace. Literally, wrapped or folded.
131. **So I triumphed,** etc. In his "youth sublime," before he had felt his passion for Amy.
- dry.** With his enthusiasm dried up.
132. **palsied heart.** Feelings which cannot be easily stirred.
- jaundiced eye.** An eye to which all things appeared diseased.
133. **all order festers.** Beneath the established order of things, it seemed to him there was corruption.
135. **a hungry people.** The masses of the people asserting their rights.
136. **one that nods and winks.** The upper classes who are asleep in the face of danger.
- a slowly-dying fire.** The old safeguards are disappearing.
137. **one increasing purpose.** The conscious striving of mankind towards a higher ideal of life, increases from age to age.
138. Men's outlook upon life becomes broader as the years go by
- 139-40. But even though the human race still retains the fresh enthusiasm of youth, that cannot bring any consolation to one whose youthful hopes have been blighted.
141. The young man easily acquires knowledge, but he does not get wisdom to direct his life in such a way as to bring him happiness; the result is that instead of playing a useful part in life, I am left behind in the struggle.
142. As a result of this lack of wisdom, the individual finds that his life is narrowed and cramped, and his individuality is lost.
143. **he bears a laden breast.** He is heavy at heart because of his failures.
146. **were.** Would be.
147. **to harp on such a mouldered string.** To keep talking about my own trouble.
149. It is a sign of weakness in me that I am angry at Amy's weakness.
150. **blinder motions.** In both her pleasures and pains she is moved more by instinct than by reason.
151. **thy.** Amy's.
153. Here in England, at least, where everything is artificial, her passions are insignificant.

154. **shining Orient.** The brighter climate of the East (India.)
155. **Mahratta-battle.** The Mahrattas were a warlike race of India, with whom Britain was at war at the beginning of the nineteenth century.
- evil-starr'd.** Unfortunate.
157. **Or.** He longs for either some retreat (l. 153) or for a free wandering life.
159. See *Enoch Arden*, l. 597.
160. **knots of Paradise.** Tangled vegetation as beautiful as in the Garden of Eden. See *Enoch Arden*, line 561.
162. **the trailer.** The trailing vine.
164. See note on line 160.
165. **There.** An adverb of place.
171. **the rainbows.** The sparkling, flashing waters.
173. **again.** He had indulged in dreams before (l. 120).
174. The Christian child is on a higher level than even the gray-haired savage.
175. **our glorious gains.** All that our civilization has brought us.
178. **in the foremost files of time.** In modern times, when the greatest progress has been made.
- foremost files.** Front ranks. The ages of the world's history are spoken of as ranks in an army.
180. Judges x, 12.
181. **the distance beacons.** The future attracts me and calls me to action.
182. **ringing grooves.** Tennyson says: "When I went by the first train from Liverpool to Manchester (1830), I thought that the wheels ran in a groove. It was a black night, and there was such a vast crowd at the station that we could not see the wheels. Then I made this line."
183. The human race has thus far been living in darkness, like the people in "The shadow of the globe" at night; but the dawn (the younger day) is coming.
184. **Cathay.** China, which the speaker refers to as a type of country which has made no progress.
185. **Mother-age.** See note on line 108.
- mine.** My mother.
186. Science has accomplished all these things.
- Rift the hills and roll the waters.** By means of tunnels and canals.
- flash the lightnings.** The sending of electrical flashes.
- weigh the sun.** By means of mathematical calculation.
187. **the crescent promise of my spirit.** His earlier aspirations, which seemed to promise so much. The figure is

that of the crescent moon gradually growing towards the full moon.

188. **well.** Spring up, as a fountain.

191. **margin.** The horizon.

**heath and holt.** Meadow and woodland.

ANALYSIS OF "LOCKSLEY HALL."

Lines 1-16.—The speaker is a young soldier who has returned with a few of his companions to have a last look at Locksley Hall, the home of his boyhood. As he stands upon the seashore and views the familiar scenes once more, he recalls his boyhood days and his youthful hopes and dreams for the future.

Lines 17-38.—He had fallen in love with his cousin Amy; and under the influence of this love for a few brief months their lives were bright and happy.

Lines 39-62.—But her father and mother had interfered, and Amy had been forced to marry a wealthy but unworthy suitor, whose nature was coarse and sensual, and who had none of the finer thoughts and fancies of his wife. (Note the irony in lines 51-55.) And so the speaker curses the society of his day, with its wants, its lies, its sickly forms, and its love of money, which is at variance with all that is truest and best in human nature.

Lines 63-76.—But when his blustering is over, he begins to question himself as to his own feelings. Can he pluck this bitter experience out of his heart? Never. (67) Can he make a division in his memories, so as to forget Amy's falseness and remember only her goodness? He recalls a dear friend who is dead and of whom he has only happy memories. Can he not think of Amy as dead, and continue to love her as before? But he can get no answer that will bring him comfort. And what, after all, is the use of seeking for comfort since even the memories of our happier days help to increase our sadness!

Lines 77-97.—Then for a moment he pauses, to try to picture Amy's feelings, for he knows that she too is unhappy. But after all, she will outlive it! Her children will bring her comfort; and he fancies that he sees her, as an old woman, advising her own daughter not to trust her feelings.

Lines 98-106.—As for himself, he sees that his only safety lies in action. But there is no employment to which he can turn; for in these days money is needed for every trade or calling, and competition is keen. He would like to go to war. But there is no war, for the nations too are ready to sell their honour and to compromise their wrongs for gold.

Lines 107-130.—One thing, however, he can do—go back to the study of science, and try to find comfort and hope in the dreams and ambitions of boyhood, when his fancy looked forward to the conquest of the air for commerce and for war, until in the end there should dawn an era of universal peace.

Lines 131-144.—These were the dreams of boyhood; but disappointed love has destroyed his better feelings; and in the social order in the world about him he can find nothing that is good. Science is advancing, to be sure, but the advance is slow, and as for the rise of the lower classes, he likens it to a lion creeping towards its prey. Yet, in spite of it all, he must admit that intellectually the world is making progress; but though we may easily gain more knowledge, wisdom (and the happiness it brings) is gained only through long experience. The individual finds, as the years go by, that his individuality is lost; and he goes about his work with a heavy heart, wishing that life, with all its sad experiences were past.

Lines 145-188.—He hears his comrades calling, but before he goes, he tries for a moment to console himself with the thought that, after all, woman is inferior to man, and as such is not worthy of his love, at least in a country like England where society is an artificial thing. From these artificial social restraints he longs to be free. What if he should turn savage and live the life of nature in some distant Eastern land? For an instant he is carried away by this sudden fancy, but a moment later he is ashamed of so unworthy a thought. No, in Christian Europe his destiny lies, and he resolves to devote his life to the fulfilment of his boyhood dreams!

**Summary.**—Although the love story and the expression of the lover's feelings form so large a part of the poem, it will be seen at once that this is only the setting. It is the vision of the future and the poet's faith in human progress that is the real theme of the poem.

## COMPOSITION SUBJECTS.

(FOR FIFTEEN MINUTE CLASS-EXERCISES).

1. A Scene suggested by *Sweet and Low*.
2. The Scene outlined in *The Splendour Falls on Castle-Walls*.
3. *Tears, Idle Tears* (an account of the poem for some one who has not read it).
4. The story suggested by *Ask me no more*.
5. The Fishing Village in *Enoch Arden*.
6. Enoch's Departure (his misfortune, the offer, his preparation, his departure).
7. Annie and Philip.
8. "The Beauteous-Hateful Isle."
9. Enoch's Return.
10. Enoch's Visit to Philip's House (the garden, the room inside).
11. Enoch's Funeral (an imaginary sketch).
12. The character of Enoch (as revealed throughout the story).
13. The Growth of Freedom (Tennyson's account).
14. The Charge of The Light Brigade.
15. The Character of the Duke of Wellington (as portrayed by Tennyson).
16. The Duke's Funeral (as described in the Ode).
17. The Lotos Land (a pen picture).
18. The Arguments of the Lotos-eaters.
19. Ulysses (his past life, his "hungry heart," the scene as he sets out).
20. The Characters in Locksley Hall (the speaker, Amy, her husband).
21. "The Vision of the World" (as described in *Locksley Hall*).

## POETIC FORM

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**Metre and Rhythm.** The word **metre** literally means 'a measure,' and when used of language it is applied to the measurement of sound. The basis of measurement in language is the syllable. In classical languages in measuring the syllables in a line of poetry, we consider the length of the vowel sounds, that is, the time required to pronounce them; or, to use the technical term, we measure the *quantity* of the vowel sounds. In English poetry, however, we measure syllables chiefly by the amount of force with which our vowel sounds are pronounced; or, in other words, by *stress* or accent. Quantity is often an important element in English verse, but stress, or accent, is the basis of measurement. Even if it were possible to express ourselves by using a series of accented or of unaccented syllables, the effect would be far from pleasing, and we find that in order to produce a pleasing effect, accented syllables must recur with a certain degree of regularity. Where there is a fairly regular recurrence of accents, as in certain heightened forms of prose, we say that our language possesses *rhythm*. Where the accents recur with perfect regularity, as in most forms of poetry, we speak of the *metre* of the verse.

**Kinds of Feet.** In metrical language, each group of syllables containing an accented syllable is known as a **foot**: and there are different varieties of metrical feet according to the number of syllables and their arrangement in the group. For example, if we let *a* stand for an accented syllable and *b* for an unaccented syllable, we have the following common groups *ab*, *ba*, *abb*, *bab*, *bba*. These different kinds of feet are usually distinguished by technical names, which we have adopted from the Latin and Greek. The group *ab* is called a **trochee**; *ba*, an **iamb**; *abb*, a **dactyl**; *aba*, an **amphibrach**; and *bba* an **anapaest**. The kind of foot most commonly used in English poetry is the **iambic**, but we very frequently find lines which contain both iambs and anapaests.

**Scansion.** When we divide a line of poetry into separate feet and mark the accents, we are said to **scan** the line. One of the first things that we shall notice in the scansion of any passage of poetry is that all the accented syllables have not an equal stress, and that occasionally both syllables in an iambic foot are stressed. In this latter case we have what is known as the "hovering" accent. Examine, for illustration, the following passage:

*Long lines* | of cliff | breaking | have left | a chasm;  
 And in | the chasm | are foam | and yel | low sands;  
 Beyond, | *red roofs* | about | a nar | row wharf  
 In clus | ter, then | a mould | er'd church; | and higher  
 A long | *street climbs* | to one | tall-tow | er'd mill;  
 And high | in heaven | behind | it a | gray down  
 With Dan | ish bar | rows; and | a haz | el-wood  
 By au | tumn nut | ters haunt | ed, flour | ishes  
 Green in | a cup | like hol | low of | the down.

In the italicised expressions in these lines there are three examples of hovering accent, and in the case of *a* in line 6, and in line 7, and the final syllable in line 8, we have examples of syllables on which the stress is very weak.

Sometimes also in scanning an iambic line we find that one of the feet, generally at the beginning of the line, is trochaic. For example, in the foregoing passage, *breaking*, in line 1, and *Green in*, in line 9, are trochaic. As a matter of fact, an irregularity of this sort generally serves a good purpose in preventing monotony; and since the trochaic foot stands out conspicuously, it is sometimes used as a means of giving special emphasis to certain words.

Sometimes certain lines of poetry present special difficulties in scansion either because one or more syllables are lacking or because they contain extra syllables. Consider for example the following lines:

Behold | this fruit | whose gleam | ing rind | engraven  
 'For the | most fair,' | would seem | to award | it thine,  
 As love | *lier than* | whatev | er O | *read haunt*  
 The knolls | of I | da, love | *liest in* | all grace  
 Of move | ment and | the charm | of mar | ried brows.

In the first line we have an example of an extra syllable coming at the end of the line. In the second line, the expression *to award*, which forms a single foot, contains three syllables. In reading there is a tendency to elide the first syllable of this foot and to pronounce *to award* as *t'award*. In some cases the poet in writing a line marks the elision with an apostrophe. In the remaining lines each of the italicized feet contains three syllables. In all these cases there is a tendency to pronounce the unaccented syllables rapidly, or, in other words, to **slur** them in reading.

**Rhymes.** When two accented syllables have the same vowel sound, but different initial consonants, they are said to **rhyme**. Rhymes generally occur at the ends of lines, but in some poems initial and middle rhymes are also used. Very frequently the accented rhyming syllables are followed by unaccented syllables, as, for instance, in *travel*, *gravel*, *covers*, *lovers*. These rhymes are known as **double** or **feminine rhymes**.

The chief purpose of rhyme is to give pleasure to the reader, but at the same time it serves another very useful purpose in helping to bind together the lines in which it occurs. In certain verse forms this effect is very marked, as, for example, in a sonnet or in a stanza from *In Memoriam*.

Unrhymed poetry is called **blank verse**. Blank verse is capable of higher artistic effects than rhymed verse and is generally used for more lofty and dignified themes.

**Pauses.** The poetic character of a passage depends to a large extent upon the arrangement of the pauses in the line. The two points at which pauses are most common are the end of the line, and the middle, or near the middle, of the line. The pause at the end of a line is known as an **end pause**, and the pause in the middle of a line is known as the **cæsura** (Lat. *cædo*, I cut). The position of the pauses is, however, frequently varied, according to the effect which the writer wishes to produce.

**Length of Lines.** The number of feet in a line of poetry varies commonly from three to six. A line of three feet is said to be a **trimeter** line; four feet, a **tetrameter**; five feet, a **pentameter**; and six feet, a **hexameter**. The tetrameter and the pentameter are the ones most commonly used in English verse.

**Stanza Forms.** When lines are rhymed they are generally combined into different groups according to the thought and the rhyme-scheme. The simplest combination is the **couplet**, which consists of two rhyming lines. When the couplet is composed of iambic pentameter lines it is known as the **heroic couplet**, because this form of verse was formerly much used in poems dealing with heroic deeds.

A combination of four rhyming lines is known as a **quatrain**. When the quatrain consists of two iambic tetrameter lines, alternating with two iambic trimeter lines, it is known as the **ballad measure**, because most of the old ballads were written in this form.

Various forms of stanzas exist, consisting of five, six or seven lines, but these stanza forms have no distinctive name. A stanza consisting of nine lines, of which the first eight are iambic pentameter and the ninth iambic hexameter, is known as a **Spenserian stanza**, because this was the stanza form used by Spenser in his long poem *The Faerie Queene*.

**The Sonnet.** The **sonnet** is a poem of fourteen iambic pentameter lines, constructed according to a definite scheme, and containing the development of a single main thought. The form of sonnet most commonly employed is known as the **Petrarchan sonnet**, because it was first used by the Italian poet Petrarch. It is divided into two parts, called the **octave**



and the **sestette**. The octave comprises the first eight lines and generally contains only two rhymes, which are arranged as follows: *abbaabba*. The sestette comprises the last six lines, with no fixed rhyme-scheme. The octave contains whatever information is necessary in introducing the subject. The main thought of the sonnet is generally stated in the first three lines of the sestette, while the last three lines generally contain the comment or reflections of the poet, arising out of the main thought.

The **Shakesperian sonnet**, so named because Shakespeare was the first to use it, differs from the Petrarchan, both in its divisions and in its rhyme-scheme. The first twelve lines constitute the introduction, and the main thought is expressed in the last two lines. The Petrarchan sonnet is sometimes compared to a wave, which rises, breaks, and falls away, while the Shakesperian sonnet is compared to the swing of a hammer followed by a single stroke, or to a pair of cymbals. "When they have clashed, everything seems to have been said."

**Kinds of Poetry; Epic, Lyric, and Dramatic.** On the side of subject matter, poetry is generally classified as Epic, Lyric and Dramatic. Strictly speaking, **the Epic** is the narration of a story in which the incidents and events are viewed, as it were, from the outside, and into which the feelings and opinions of the poet himself do not directly enter. Under the general heading of Epic poetry it is customary, however, to classify all those forms of poetry which are impersonal in character, including poetry which is purely descriptive or reflective. The best known form of epic poetry is probably **The Great Epic**, which includes such poems as *The Iliad*, *The Aeneid*, and *Paradise Lost*. These poems treat at great length, of themes which are of universal human interest. Among the minor forms of Epic poetry, the most common is **the ballad**. The ballad contains a story of adventure, usually relating to love or war; and since it was formerly sung by the minstrel, it is generally simple, and even rude, in language and form. **The Idyll** usually contains a picture of life in pastoral or primitive conditions. It is a highly elaborated form of verse, in which attention is given to richness of colouring and fineness of detail.

**The Lyric** includes those forms of poetry which give expression to the personal feelings of the poet; and lyric poetry, as the name implies, is capable of being set to music, and sung. Under the lyric are included both **the sonnet** and **the ode**. The word *ode* is of Greek origin and literally means *a song*. The ode expresses strong feeling; and owing to the fact that it is written under the pressure of strong passion or excitement it is usually irregular in form, with lines and stanzas of varying length.

**The Drama**, like the epic, contains the development of a story, but in the case of the drama the story is developed from

within, through the speeches and actions of the characters themselves. In the drama, moreover, the story takes the form of **plot**. In other words, the story is so planned that the early part of the play presents a complication of difficulties, which reach their climax near the centre, and are unravelled in the latter half of the play. This interest in plot usually involves a corresponding appeal to the sympathies of the reader, or of the audience, as the case may be; and at the same time the development of character furnishes another source of interest in the play. These characteristics of the drama were summed up nearly three centuries ago by Milton, in the statement that the drama possesses three sources of interest,—“interest of character, plot, and passion.”

The two main types of drama are **tragedy** and **comedy**. We apply the name tragedy to those dramas in which the individual comes into conflict with certain forces in nature or in society, which, owing perhaps to some defect in himself, he is unable to overcome. In the case of comedy, on the other hand, the individual succeeds in overcoming the difficulties which present themselves, and the story ends happily.



# SIGHT PASSAGES

(From Examination Papers)

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1. Lone flower, hemmed in with snows and white as they  
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend  
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,  
Like an unbidden guest. Though day by day,  
5. Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops, waylay  
The rising sun, and on the plains descend,  
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend  
Whose zeal outruns his promise. Blue-eyed May  
Shall soon behold this border thickly set  
10. With bright jonquils, their odours lavishing  
On the soft west-wind and his frolic peers;  
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,  
Chaste Snowdrop, venturous harbinger of spring,  
And pensive monitor of fleeting years.

(a) Explain in what sense the similes "like an unbidden guest" (l. 4), and "welcome as a friend whose zeal outruns his promise" (ll. 5-6), are used in reference to the Snowdrop.

(b) Give the exact meaning of the phrases "blue-eyed May" (l. 8), "this border" (l. 9), "bright jonquils" (l. 10), "his frolic peers" (l. 11), "venturous harbinger" (l. 13), "monitor of fleeting years" (l. 14).

(c) Why does the poet call the grace of the Snowdrop, "modest" (l. 12)? In what sense is the Snowdrop a "monitor of fleeting years" (l. 14)?

## 2. THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

*"A naked house, a naked moor,  
A shivering pool before the door,  
A garden bare of flowers and fruit  
And poplars at the garden foot:*

5. *Such is the place that I live in,  
Bleak without and bare within."*

*"Yet shall your ragged moor receive  
The incomparable pomp of eve,  
And the cold glories of the dawn*

10. *Behind your shivering trees be drawn ;  
And, when the wind from place to place  
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,*

- Your garden gloom and gleam again,  
 With leaping sun, with glancing rain.
15. Here shall the wizard moon ascend  
 The heavens, in the crimson end  
 Of day's declining splendour: here  
 The army of the stars appear.  
 The neighbour hollows dry or wet,
20. Spring shall with tender flowers beset;  
 And oft the morning muser see  
 Larks rising from the broomy lea,  
 And every fairy wheel and thread  
 Of cobweb dew-bediamonded.
25. When daisies go, shall winter time  
 Silver the simple grass with rime;  
 Autumnal frosts enchant the pool  
 And make the cart-ruts beautiful;  
 And when snow-bright the moor expands,
30. How shall your children clap their hands!  
 To make this earth our hermitage,  
 A cheerful and a changeful page,  
 God's bright and intricate device  
 Of days and seasons doth suffice."

(a) In line 6 the speaker complains that the house in which he lives is "bleak without and bare within." Why then does the poet describe it in the title as *The House Beautiful*?

(b) Explain: "shivering" (l. 2), "incomparable pomp" (l. 8), "unmoored cloud-galleons" (l. 12), "leaping sun" (l. 14), "wizard moon" (l. 15), "morning muser" (l. 21), "the simple grass" (l. 26).

(c) Explain the last four lines of the poem.

(d) Which of the illustrations used by the poet to show the effect of days and seasons do you consider to be the most striking? Give reasons for considering the illustration chosen a striking one.

### 3. TO A DISTANT FRIEND.

Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant  
 Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air  
 Of absence withers what was once so fair?  
 Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?  
 Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,

Bound to thy service with unceasing care—  
 The mind's least generous wish a mendicant  
 For nought but what thy happiness could spare.  
 Speak!—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold  
 A thousand tender pleasures thine and mine,  
 Be left more desolate, more dreary cold  
 Than a forsaken bird's nest filled with snow  
 'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—  
 Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

- (a) What complaint does the speaker make?  
 (b) In what respects is "thy love" (l. 1), likened to a plant?  
 (c) Explain the force of "treacherous" (l. 2).  
 (d) "what was once so fair" (l. 3)—What is meant?  
 (e) (l. 4)—By whom? To whom? For what purpose?  
 (f) "Yet" (l. 5)—In spite of what?  
 (g) "vigilant" (l. 5)—In what way?  
 (h) "least generous wish" (l. 7)—Express in other words.  
 What is the wish?  
 (j) (ll. 12-13)—What words in these lines emphasize the  
 idea of desolation?

4. Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,  
 Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,  
 And fiery hearts and armèd hands  
 Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget  
 How gushed the life-blood of her brave,—  
 Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,  
 Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm and fresh and still;  
 Alone the chirp of flitting bird  
 And talk of children on the hill,  
 And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by  
 The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;  
 Men start not at the battle-cry,—  
 Or be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou  
 Who minglest in the harder strife  
 For truths which men receive not now,  
 Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long  
 Through weary day and weary year;  
 A wild and many-weaponed throng  
 Hang on thy front and flank and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,  
 And blench not at thy chosen lot;  
 The timid good may stand aloof,  
 The sage may frown,—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,  
 The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;  
 For with thy side shall dwell, at last,  
 The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,—  
 The eternal years of God are hers;  
 But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
 And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,  
 When they who helped thee flee in fear,  
 Die full of hope and manly trust,  
 Like those who fell in battle here!

Another hand thy sword shall wield,  
 Another hand the standard wave,  
 Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed  
 The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

- (a) Suggest a suitable title for this poem.
- (b) Compare the two battles in respect to:—  
 (i) the cause of strife;  
 (ii) the continuance of strife;  
 (iii) the weapons used;  
 (iv) the outcome.
- (c) What is the poet's purpose in contrasting the two battles?
- (d) Explain concisely the meaning of:—"friendless" (l. 21),  
 "chosen" (l. 26), "the sage may frown" (l. 28), "surely" (l. 29),  
 "trust" (l. 39).
- (e) Which stanza best expresses the chief truth of the poem?

## 5.

## TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!  
 Thou messenger of Spring!  
 Now *heaven repairs thy rural seat*  
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green  
 Thy certain voice we hear:  
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
 Or mark the rolling year?

*Delighted visitant!* with thee  
 I hail the time of flowers,  
 And hear the sound of music sweet  
 From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the woods,  
 To pull the primrose gay,  
 Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,  
 And *imitates thy lay*.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,  
 Thou fliest *thy vocal valed*,  
 An annual guest to other lands  
 Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,  
 Thy sky is ever clear:  
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
 No winter in thy year.

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee,  
 We'd make with joyful wing,  
*Our annual visit* o'er the globe,  
 Companions of the Spring.

(a) Indicate the two main divisions of the poem, and give the leading thought of each.

(b) Show the relationship in thought between the first two and the last two lines of the second stanza.

(c) State briefly the reasons for the poet's pleasure at the coming of the cuckoo.

(d) Explain the italicized expressions.

6. There came a youth upon this earth  
 Some thousand years ago,  
 Whose slender hands were nothing worth,  
 Whether to plow, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise-shell  
 He stretched some chords, and drew  
 Music that made men's bosoms swell  
 Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus one who had  
*Pure taste by right divine,*  
 Decreed his singing not too bad  
 To hear between the cups of wine.

And so well-pleased with being soothed  
 Into a sweet half-sleep,  
 Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,  
 And made him *viceroys o'er his sheep.*

His words were simple words enough,  
*And yet he used them so,*  
 That what in other mouths were rough  
 In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,  
 In whom no good they saw;  
 And yet, unwillingly, in truth  
*They made his careless words their law.*

They knew not how he learned at all,  
 For idly, hour by hour,  
 He sat and watched the dead leaves fall  
 Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things  
 Did teach him all their use,  
 For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,  
 He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,  
 But, when a glance they caught  
 Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,  
 They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone  
 And e'en his memory dim,  
*Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,*  
*More full of love because of him.*

And day by day more holy grew  
 Each spot where he had trod,  
 Till after poets only knew  
 Their first-born brother as a god.

(a) Give a suitable title for the poem.

(b) Group the stanzas of the poem and give the main thought in each group.



(c) What reasons are given in the poem showing why this person was not held in more esteem in his own time?

(d) Describe this youth's music and poetry.

(e) Explain the italicized expressions.

7. The ceaseless rain is falling fast,  
And yonder gilded vane,  
Immovable for three days past,  
Points to the misty main.

*It drives me in upon myself*  
And to the fireside gleams,  
To pleasant books that crowd my shelf  
And still more pleasant dreams.

I read whatever bards have sung  
Of lands beyond the sea,  
And the bright days when I was young  
Come thronging back to me.

I fancy I can hear again  
The Alpine torrent's roar,  
The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,  
The sea at Elsinore.

I see the convent's *gleaming wall*  
Rise from the groves of pine,  
And towers of old cathedrals tall,  
And castles by the Rhine.

I journey on by *park and spire*,  
Beneath *centennial trees*,  
Through fields with *poppies all on fire*,  
And gleams of *distant seas*.

I fear no more the dust and heat,  
No more I feel fatigue,  
While *journeying with another's feet*  
O'er many a lengthening league.

Let others traverse sea and land  
And toil through various climes,  
*I turn the world round with my hand*,  
Reading those poets' rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies  
Beneath each *changing zone*,  
And see, when looking with their eyes,  
Better than with mine own.

- (a) Give the central thought of the foregoing poem.
- (b) Show that the first stanza is a suitable introduction.
- (c) Group the other stanzas of this poem according to the divisions of thought into which the poem naturally falls, and state the main thought in each of these groups.
- (d) Explain the italicized expressions.

8. Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart!  
 Unlike our uses and our destinies.  
 Our ministering two angels look surprise  
 On one another, as they strike athwart  
 Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art  
 A guest for queens to social pageantries,  
 With gages from a hundred brighter eyes  
 Than tears even can make mine, to ply thy part  
 Of chief musician. What hast thou to do  
 With looking from the lattice lights at me,  
 A poor, tired, wandering singer,—singing through  
 The dark and *leaning up a cypress tree?*  
 The chrism is on thine head,—on mine, the dew,—  
*And Death must dig the level where these agree.*

Thou hast thy calling to some palace floor,  
 Most gracious singer of high poems! where  
 The dancers will break footing, from the care  
 Of watching up thy pregnant lips for more;  
 And dost thou lift this house's latch, too poor  
 For hand of thine? And canst thou think and bear  
 To let thy music drop here unaware  
 In folds of golden fulness at my door?  
 Look up and see the casement broken in,  
 The bats and owlets builders in the roof!  
*My cricket chirps against thy mandolin.*  
 Hush! Call no echo up in further proof  
 Of desolation! There's a voice within  
 That weeps—as thou must sing—alone, aloof.

- (a) The foregoing passage consists of two sonnets addressed by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, to her husband, Robert Browning. State in simple prose the thought here expressed in figurative language.
- (b) In each sonnet point out and explain the figure of speech in which the speaker's feeling is embodied.
- (c) Explain the significance of the italicized expressions.
- (d) Indicate any irregularities in scansion, in the first senton.

9.

## ON A ROMAN HELMET.

- A helmet of the legion, this,  
 That long and deep hath lain,  
 Come back to taste the living kiss  
 Of sun and wind again.
- 5 Ah! touch it with a reverent hand,  
 For in its burnished dome  
 Lies here within this distant land  
 The glory that was Rome!
- The tides of sixteen hundred years  
 10 Have flowed, and ebbcd, and flowed,  
 And yet—I see the tossing spears  
 Come up the Roman Road;  
 While, high above the trumpets pealed,  
 The eagles lift and fall,
- 15 And, all unseen, the War God's shield  
 Floats, guardian, over all!

- Who marched beneath this gilded helm?  
 Who wore this casque a-shine?  
 A leader mighty in the realm?
- 20 A soldier of the line?  
 The proud patrician takes his rest  
 The spearman's bones beside.  
 And earth who knows their secret best  
 Gives this of all their pride.
- 25 With sunlight on this golden crest  
 Maybe some Roman guard,  
 Set free from duty, wandered west  
 Through Memory's gates unbarred;  
 Or climbing Eildon cleft in three,
- 30 Grown sick at heart for home,  
 Looked eastward to the gray North Sea  
 That paved the road to Rome.

- Years pass; and Time keeps tally,  
 And pride takes earth for tomb,
- 35 And down the Melrose valley  
 Corn grows and roses bloom;  
 The red suns set, the red suns rise,  
 The ploughs lift through the loam,  
 And in one earth-worn helmet lies
- 40 The majesty of Rome.

(a) What do you gather from the poem as to: (i) the appearance of the helmet; (ii) where it was found?

(b) What conjectures does the writer make as to the wearer of the helmet?

(c) Explain:—

- (i) living kiss (l. 3);
- (ii) reverent (l. 5);
- (iii) yet (l. 11);
- (iv) tossing (l. 11);
- (v) the eagles (l. 14);
- (vi) pride takes earth for tomb (l. 34);
- (vii) in one earth-worn helmet lies the majesty of Rome (ll. 39, 40).

(d) What bearing have the details mentioned in lines 35-38 upon the main thought of the poem?

10. O leave this barren spot to me!  
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!  
Though bush or floweret never grow  
My dark unwarming shade below;
5. Nor summer bud perfume the dew  
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue;  
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,  
My green and glossy leaves adorn  
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
10. Th' ambrosial amber of the hive;  
Yet leave this barren spot to me;  
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

- Thrice twenty summers I have seen  
The sky grow bright, the forest green;
15. And many a wintry wind have stood  
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,  
Since childhood in my pleasant bower  
First spent its sweet and sportive hour;  
Since youthful lovers in my shade
20. Their vows of truth and rapture made,  
And on my trunk's surviving frame  
Carved many a long-forgotten name.  
Oh! by the sighs of gentle sound,  
First breathed upon this sacred ground;
25. By all that Love has whispered here,  
Or Beauty heard with ravished ear;  
As Love's own altar honour me:  
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

(a) Give the poem a suitable subject.

(b) In a phrase or short sentence give the theme of each section of the poem.

(c) Write out fully the meaning of each section.

(d) Explain the meaning and show the suitability of each of the following expressions: "Dark unwarming shade" (l. 4); "blossom-born" (l. 7); "murmuring tribes" (l. 9); "ambrosial amber" (l. 10); "ravished ear" (l. 26).

11. When I was young!—*Ah, woful when*  
 Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!  
*This breathing house not built with hands,*  
 This body that does me grievous wrong,  
 5. O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands  
 How lightly then it flash'd along:  
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,  
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,  
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
 10. That fear no spite of wind or tide!  
 Nought cared this body for wind or weather  
 When Youth and I lived in't together.

- Ere I was old! *Ah, woful Ere,*  
 Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!  
 15. O, Youth! for years so many and sweet,  
 'Tis known that Thou and I were one,  
 I'll think it but a *fond conceit*—  
 It cannot be, that Thou art gone!  
*Thy vesper bell hath not yet toll'd:—*  
 20. And *thou wert aye a masker bold*  
 What strange disguise hast now put on  
 To make believe that Thou art gone?  
 I see these locks in silvery slips,  
 This drooping gait, this alter'd size:  
 25. But *Springtide blossoms on thy lips,*  
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes:  
*Life is but Thought:* so think I will  
 That Youth and I are house-mates still.

(a) Explain the meaning of the italicized expressions:

(b) "that does me grievous wrong" (l. 4). How does his body do him grievous wrong?

(c) Explain the comparison in lines 5 to 10.

(d) "strange disguise" (l. 21). Of what, according to the poet, does this consist?

(e) State briefly the theme of each stanza.

(f) Give the poem a suitable title.

## QUESTIONS FROM DEPARTMENTAL AND MATRICULATION EXAM- INATION PAPERS

1. Set forth what you consider to be the excellencies of *The Ancient Mariner*, illustrating by reference to the poem.

2. Trace through the poem the principal changes of feeling in the Ancient Mariner.

3. What part does the Wedding Guest play in the story?

4. *In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,*  
It perched for *vespers* nine;  
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,  
Glimmered the white moon-shine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner,  
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—  
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my cross-bow  
I shot the Albatross!"

(a) Explain the italicized expressions.

(b) Who speaks the lines beginning, "God save thee, Ancient mariner"?

(c) What is implied in the words *thus* and *so* in the second stanza?

5. Almost upon the western wave  
Rested the broad bright Sun;  
When that strange shape drove suddenly  
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And *straight* the Sun was flecked with bars,  
(*Heaven's Mother send us grace!*)  
As if through a dungeon-grate he *peered*  
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)  
How fast she nears and nears!  
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,  
Like restless *gossameres*?

(a) Explain the meaning of the italicized expressions.

(b) Who made up the crew of the "strange shape."

(c) Why are the words "drove" and "nears" especially fitting in this connection?

6. I pass, like night, from land to land;  
I have strange power of speech;  
The moment that his face I see,  
I know the man that must hear me:  
To him my tale I teach.

- (a) Explain the simile, "like night."  
(b) What are the characteristics of the Ancient Mariner as shown in this stanza?  
(c) Show the appropriateness of the word *teach* (l. 5).

7. *Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,  
Like April hoar-frost spread;*  
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,  
The charmed water burnt away  
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,  
I watched the water-snakes:  
They moved in tracks of shining white,  
*And when they reared, the elfish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.*

Within the shadow of the ship  
I watched their rich attire:  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They coiled and swam; and every track  
Was a flash of golden fire.

Oh happy living things! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare:  
A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
And I blessed them unaware:  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
And I blessed them unaware.

The self-same moment I could pray;  
And from my neck so free  
The Albatross fell off, and sank  
Like lead into the sea.

- (a) Explain the italicised expressions.  
(b) State the force of "charmed" (l. 4), and of "unaware" (l. 19).  
(c) Show the significance of the following lines in relation to the story:—

A spring of love gushed from my heart (l. 18);  
The self-same moment I could pray (l. 22);  
And from my neck so free  
The Albatross fell off (ll. 23-24).

- (d) Scan lines 18 to 21, inclusive.

8. (a) The wedding guest he beat his breast,  
Yet he cannot choose but hear.

Why is it that the wedding guest "cannot choose but hear?"

- (b) Instead of the Cross, the Albatross  
About my neck was hung.

What does the fact that the albatross is hung about the mariner's neck signify?

- (c) The naked hulk alongside came,  
And the twain were casting dice.

What bearing has this incident upon the rest of the story?

- (d) The selfsame moment I could pray.

What was it that made it possible for the mariner to pray?

- (e) Where are those lights so many and fair,  
That signal made but now?

What are the lights to which the Pilot refers?

9. (a) What purpose is served by the introduction of supernatural happenings in *The Ancient Mariner*?

(b) Support your opinion by referring to at least three of such happenings.

10. (a) Describe the normal stanza of *The Ancient Mariner*, that is, tell the number of lines in it, the number and kind of feet in each line, and the way in which the rhymes are arranged.

(b) Describe as fully as you can two other forms of stanza used in *The Ancient Mariner*.

11.     Hateful is the dark-blue sky  
          Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.  
          Death is the end of life; ah, why  
          Should life all labour be?  
          Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,  
          And in a little while our lips are dumb.  
          Let us alone. What is it that will last?

(a) Under what circumstances is the above passage spoken?

(b) Indicate the line of thought pursued by the speaker.

12. (a) Describe the Lotos-land as it appeared to Ulysses and his crew.

(b) What arguments do the sailors use to be allowed to remain in the land of the Lotos-eaters?

(c) From the same poem, give the Greek conception of the home and employment of the gods and their relation to humanity.



13. "COURAGE!" he said, and pointed toward the land,  
 "This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."  
 In the afternoon they came unto a land  
 In which it seemed always afternoon.  
 All round the coast the languid air did swoon,  
 Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.  
 Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;  
 And like a downward smoke, the slender stream  
 Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

- (a) Describe the form of the foregoing stanza.  
 (b) Comment on the relation of the sound and form to the thought expressed.  
 (c) Write out and scan lines 5 and 6.

14. (a) What evidence is there that the choric song in *The Lotos Eaters* is responsive, that is, sung by two different parties in alternate stanzas?

(b) Judging by the choric song, what do you think the mariners decided to do?

15. "Again their ravening eagle rose  
 In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,  
 And barking for the thrones of kings;  
 Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown  
 On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down."

- (a) What is an ode?  
 (b) Explain the force of "again" (l. 1)  
 (c) Explain the meaning and the reference in the following words and phrases: "their ravening eagle" (l. 1); "Europe-shadowing wings" (l. 2); "one" (l. 4); "that loud Sabbath" (l. 5); "the spoiler" (l. 5).

16. "Mighty Seaman, tender and true,  
 And pure as he from taint of craven guile,  
 O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,  
 O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile."

- (a) What mighty seaman is addressed?  
 (b) Explain the meaning of "craven guile," "the silver-coasted isle."  
 (c) Explain the historical references contained in the last line.

17. (a) Give the chief characteristics of the Duke of Wellington as he is described in Tennyson's *Ode*.

(b) Write an explanatory note showing the truth of Tennyson's couplet,

Not once or twice in our rough island story  
 The path of duty was the way to glory.

18. (a) By what dramatic device does Tennyson in his *Ode on The Death of the Duke of Wellington* introduce his résumé of the Duke's career?

(b) What comparison does Tennyson make in this poem between the British and the Europeans? Explain this comparison to some extent from contemporary conditions.

19. But *wink no more in slothful overtrust.*  
Remember him who lead your hosts;  
He bad you guard the sacred coasts.  
Your cannon moulder on the seaward wall;
5. His voice is silent in your council-hall  
For ever; and *whatever tempests lour*  
For ever silent; even if they broke  
In thunder, silent, yet remember all  
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke;
10. *Who never sold the truth to serve the hour.*  
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;  
Who let *the turbid streams of rumour flow*  
*Thro' either babbling world of high and low;*  
Whose life was work, *whose language rife*
15. *With rugged maxims hewn from life;*  
Who never spoke against a foe;  
*Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke*  
*All great self-seekers trampling on the right.*

Explain the italicized expressions.

20. In *Locksley Hall*, after considering the effect which Amy's conduct is likely to have on her future happiness, the speaker says;—

I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

- (a) What courses of action does he reject as impossible?  
(b) What course of action does he reject as unworthy of him.  
(c) What course of action does he finally decide to follow?

21. What has been the career of the speaker in *Locksley Hall* and under what circumstances is he now speaking?

22. In the case of each of the following, indicate the line of thought in the passage in which it occurs:

(a) Curs'd be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool.

(b) But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour feels.

(c) In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.

(d) Better fifty years of Europe, than a cycle of Cathay.

23. (a) What do you infer about the age, the profession, the education, and the character of the speaker in *Locksley Hall*? Support your statements by direct references to the poem.

(b) Describe with appropriate quotations or references the emotional changes through which the speaker in *Locksley Hall* passes.

24. Describe the metrical structure of *Locksley Hall*.

25. (a) What is the main idea expressed in *Ulysses*?

(b) State the circumstances in which, as you gather from the poem, Ulysses is speaking.

(c) State the history of the speaker, as gathered from the poem.

(d) What is there in these circumstances and in this history that makes the main idea more striking?

26. The splendour falls on castle walls

And snowy summits old in story:

The long light shakes across the lakes,

And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,

Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,

And thinner, clearer, farther going!

O sweet and far from cliff and scar

The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:

Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,

They faint on hill or field or river:

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,

And grow for ever and for ever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,

And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

(a) In a single phrase give a title to this poem that shall adequately indicate the main thought expressed in the poem.

(b) Indicate the parts of the poem that do not directly express this thought, and explain their bearing upon it.

(c) Explain "scar" (l. 9), "Elfland" (l. 10), "our" (l. 15).

27. In *Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead* what efforts were made by the attendants to arouse the wife? Why did the first two fail and the third succeed?

28. Write a brief note on Tennyson's diction in *Enoch Arden*, pointing out his use of different styles, and illustrating by reference to the poem.

## SUGGESTIONS TO CANDIDATES

As a rule, teachers of literature give candidates who are writing on either Departmental or Matriculation papers, full instructions as to matters of form to be observed in writing their answer papers; but for the sake of those candidates who are preparing their work by private study, the following suggestions are included:

1. Before beginning to write, look over the paper as a whole, and try to form some estimate as to the relative importance of questions, or parts of questions, so that you may give the proper amount of time to each. It is a mistake to spend so much time and space on minor sub-divisions of questions, that important answers have to be hurried or perhaps omitted.

2. Read each question carefully, and be sure that your answer includes *all* that the question calls for; but try to see that your answers are written to the point and are not rambling and diffuse. Where the question calls for a long answer it is generally best to take time to plan the answer before beginning to write.

3. See that your answers are neatly written, carefully punctuated, and properly spaced. If your writing is cramped and difficult to read, write on every second line. *Leave spaces between answers to different questions or parts of questions.*

4. In quoting passages from memory:

(a) Do not run lines together. In blank verse the metre is generally a sufficient guide, and in rhyming poetry, the rhymes mark the divisions.

(b) Pay attention to the punctuation. Do not make an attempt to remember the actual punctuation used by the author, but punctuate according to the sense.

(c) Do not neglect the memorization during the year. It should count you about 10% of the marks on the paper.

5. When you are asked to give the connection in which certain passages occur:

(a) It is not necessary to give the *meaning* unless the question calls for it.

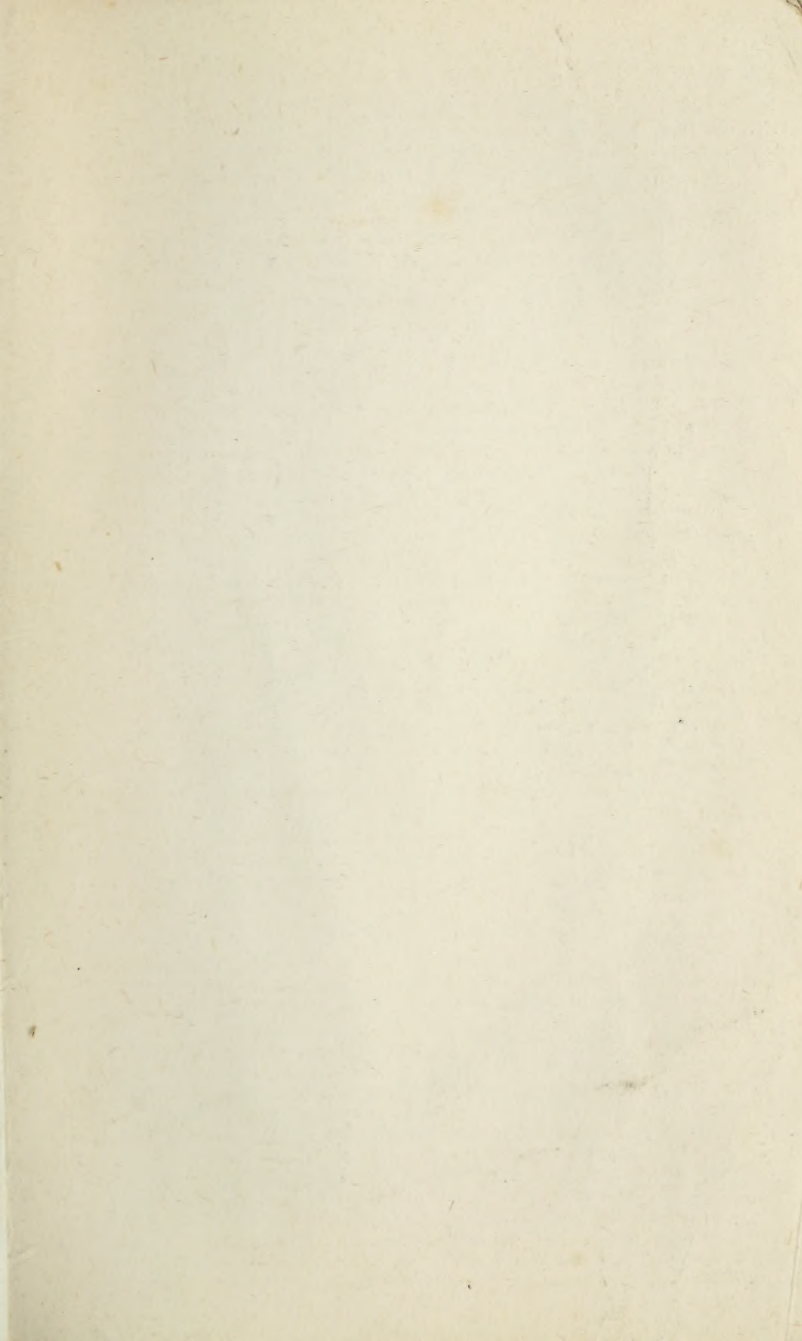
(b) Give the connection as accurately as possible. It is not sufficient for you to name the poem; and a mere mechanical reference such as, "It is found in the third stanza," or "It occurs in Act IV, Scene 3," is of little value. You must explain the circumstances or give the connection in *thought* in which the passage occurs.

(c) In giving your answers, do not simply number the quotations, but write enough of each passage to let the examiner know definitely which one you are answering.

6. In giving the meaning of passages, accuracy counts for more than anything else. When you are asked to explain the meaning of a certain line or stanza, see that every expression in it is explained. If necessary for clearness, follow up your general explanation with notes on particular words or phrases.

7. The sight passage usually counts about 20% of the value of the whole paper. Do not leave it until the last five minutes. Read the passage carefully several times before beginning your answer.

8. Do not leave the examination room before the time is up, unless you are certain that your answers are as complete and accurate as you can make them. If you have time left, read each question and answer carefully, and rewrite where you think it possible to improve either the form or the expression.



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